

The Listener

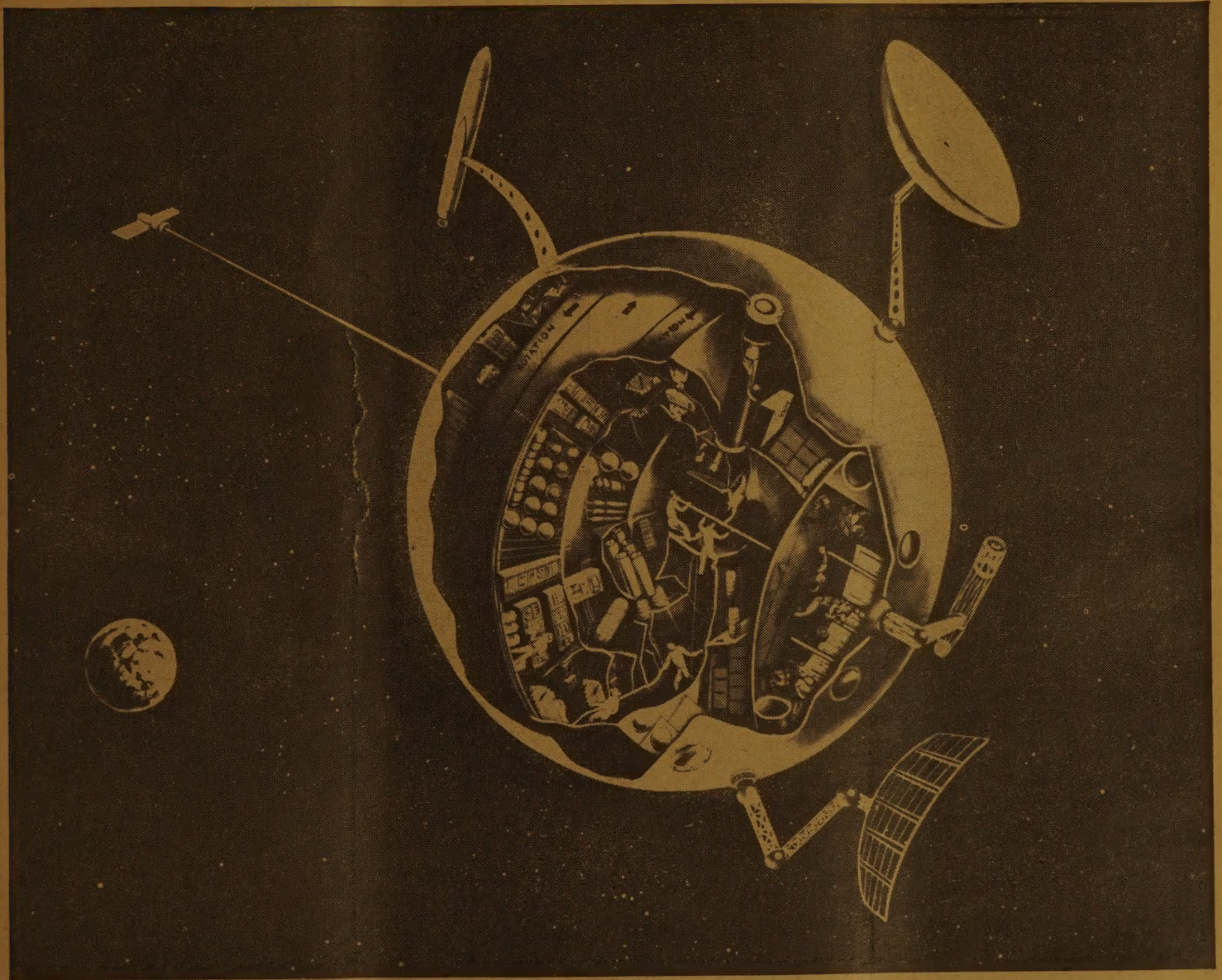
and
B.B.C. Television Review

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1961

CHICAGO

15c



An American artist's impression of a manned space station of the future. Patrick Moore writes about space stations and observatories on page 474

The United Nations' First Martyr

By Alistair Cooke

Accident Neurosis

By A Consultant Neurologist

The City: both Heaven and Hell

By Graeme Shankland and Lewis Mumford

Venezuela's Uneasy Revolution

By Geoffrey Drayton

An Impression of James Joyce

By James Stern

New Light on Captain Cook

By Oliver Warner



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The United Nations' First Martyr

ALISTAIR COOKE on Dag Hammarskjöld

THE Vatican without a Pope could not be a more despairing place than New York has been without Dag Hammarskjöld; for in Rome there is the certainty of a successor, and here there is none. The sudden death of a great man is, of course, one of those occasions on which a journalist is expected to give his all. So he is prone to a special temptation, which is to assume that he cannot go wrong with something as shocking and solemn as sudden death. He is tempted to probe quickly for a universal sentiment. But what could the universe know or feel about a man whom nobody knew very well?

Dag Hammarskjöld was a solitary, a monkish and dedicated servant of an ideal that he discovered late in life. And there was no essential blasphemy, I believe, in my impulse to think at once about the Vatican. Eight years ago, it is fair to say, not one statesman or politician in a hundred outside Sweden had ever heard of him. In the Scandinavian countries, the family name of Hammarskjöld—and its crest of a hammer and a shield—is as well known as the house of Marlborough in England or Cabot in America. But when the Security Council met in March of 1953 to choose a successor to the first Secretary-General, Mr. Trygve Lie, Mr. Hammarskjöld's name was never mentioned. The Council chooses a Secretary-General in privacy and meditation, much like the College of Cardinals. It even burns the ballots in a tin waste-basket right there in the chamber. And when the Council met for its secret session, there were three conceivable candidates. The favourite was Mr. Lester Pearson, the Canadian Foreign Minister at the time. The other two were General

Romulo of the Philippines and Mr. Skrzesezewski, the Polish Foreign Minister.

The rule is that the winner must get seven of the Council's eleven votes, and they must include the votes of all the permanent powers—the five nations that possess the veto and that were described as the Big Five when the United Nations was founded in San Francisco. It is a grim reminder of the passage of time, and of human fancy, to remember that the Big Five powers of the world, as the shrewdest statesmen decided sixteen years ago, are the United States, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, France, and Formosa.

Mr. Lester Pearson got nine of the eleven votes on the third ballot. He would have been the certain choice if it had not been for the Soviet Union, which clapped down its veto. That was the end of Mr. Pearson. General Romulo was vetoed by both France and Russia. The Polish Foreign Minister was the lovelorn candidate of the Soviet Union. He got her vote but nobody else's. The Council agreed to try again in two weeks. In the meantime, the Russians announced that they would veto a candidate from any recognized bloc of nations (except, of course, the Communist bloc). That is to say, they would not accept a Westerner, a Latin-American, or an Arab. In those simple days those were the only blocs. However, they covered enough of the world embraced by the United Nations to rule out anybody but a Swede or a Swiss, whose countries have made a virtue, indeed a philosophy, of neutrality. The Soviet Union's Mr. Zorin, who is still with us, let it be known that the Swedish ambassador to Washington

pleased him and might be the proper man. (I go into this bit of history not to show, what hardly needs proving, that the Russians were a thorn in the flesh so long ago as 1953; but that any nation which threatened in advance to use its veto could hamstring the rest of the Council, and in the end of the United Nations itself.) So the Council looked round for a Swede (the Swiss, by the way, are so religiously neutral that they have never even thought of joining the United Nations).

When the Council met, on the last day of March, the British had a man picked out. He was an obscure Swede, in spite of his being the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, and an economist of academic fame. He was forty-seven years old, a bachelor, a modest wit in three languages, a conversationalist in six, an able, diffident man, a scholar by temperament, no firebrand, punctilious about procedure, just the man to run an international secretariat without getting above himself and acquiring delusions of policy, or independence or other grandeur. His name was Hammarskjöld. How was that again? we said. It's perfectly all right, they said, if you call him Hammershield. The French liked the sound of such a man and it was they who proposed him at the secret session. It was, need I say, no surprise to the Russians. They had smelt rumours and traced them, and screened Mr. Hammarskjöld's history. They discovered nothing in his background or character to suggest that he would ever be anything but a tamed and tailored civil servant. Mr. Zorin said it was the only name he would approve: and that, of course, was final. He was unanimously approved and the President of the Council sent a cable to Stockholm earnestly hoping that Mr. Hammarskjöld would accept.

The 'Superb Certified Public Accountant'

Hammarskjöld said at the time: 'You know, what happened to me this morning . . . was as if I had suddenly been taken by the scruff of the neck . . . like a little dog'. It was a charming sentence and it was generally admired. Everybody was happy. The United States, however, was then suffering an epidemic of McCarthyism and the rumour that Mr. Hammarskjöld had a strong liking for T. S. Eliot and modern painting vaguely disturbed some Americans. It was pretty plain to see that the man was an egghead, which in the United States had become a synonym for a dangerous liberal left of centre. This fear was extinguished when a United Nations official, who had the distinction of knowing Hammarskjöld, confided that 'he is the sort of man who reads *The New Statesman* from the back'. The implication was that he rarely, if ever, reached the front. All was well. 'He will not', I remember a mellow delegate remarking at the time, 'ever ruffle the Russians. He has lived all his life between two or more mammoths, and he can sup in equal comfort with the Lion, the Eagle, or the Bear. On the other hand, he will never challenge the essential interests of the Western Powers. All in all, an ideal man: discreet, immensely competent, intelligent, unambitious. In a word', said the smooth old man, suddenly directing a bloodshot but steady look at his companion, 'a superb certified public accountant'.

Only three years later, a Frenchman stayed an Englishman going into the Council. It was the day after the Suez débâcle. 'Where', he said, 'is that certified public accountant you recommended to us?'

It was the dawn of the great disillusion about Hammarskjöld, and it coincided with the discovery by the man himself that he had undergone something akin to religious conversion. There was nothing foxy about Hammarskjöld. When he was chosen, he responded in all sincerity to the role he was meant to fill. Two years after he had taken office, he described it in a private conversation as that of 'a housekeeper, accountant, and the curator of the secrets of sixty nations'. He said it was essential that the Secretary-General should preserve so firm and 'honourable a neutrality' that 'all the delegates can open their hearts and minds to me'. This sounds rather high-flown for a man who still conceived his job to be that of a housekeeper. But he had, even then, offered to intervene with the Chinese to secure the release of the American prisoners of war. He mentioned in that conversation, by the way, that he also felt himself to be 'the trustee and agent of the prisoners themselves'.

His success with Chou En-lai was what fired a certain dormant element in his character. A cynic might say that he sniffed at power and liked the taste of it, and fell in the end through the oldest sin of *hubris*. I do not believe it was so. Few of us who saw him often in those days ever suspected that what had happened to him was nothing less than the appearance of a vision. It was a vision of the United Nations as an independent third power able to withstand and perhaps to disarm the Big Two. He was not a conventionally religious man. But he had great intensity of feeling. He had an unsatisfied longing to see what he called 'decency and justice' not as moderate virtues but as the leaders of an army with banners. You can sense this perfectionism in his preference for poetry over novels, because, he said, 'poetry says the best of what the novel is trying to say but says it in ten lines'.

Surrogate of a World Government

Are we beating aimlessly around this burning bush? I do not think so. Hammarskjöld was many things the Security Council never bargained for, but most of all he was a man who discovered, in an eighteen-hour day, in the stupor induced by overwhelming paper work, in arguing quietly with every world-leader now extant, and in the loneliness of countless flights over jungles and oceans, that the charter of the United Nations in its present form is already paralysed by the power of the big nations to veto their enemies and to forestall any action against themselves. From this obvious but bleak conclusion, he moved on to the private decision that the United Nations must, in such crises of pride and power, act not as the servant of the big and little powers alike, which has become a plain impossibility; but that it must act by itself, and for itself, as the caretaker of a world government that does not yet exist. He decided that because the body did not exist, he would be its surrogate. And so it was he who acted, speaking for nobody but an idea called the United Nations, at Suez, in the Gaza Strip, and lately, more daringly than ever, in the Congo. The Russians were the first to see the enormous threat of such a third force and last February formally announced that he no longer was an officer of the United Nations. We ought to add that if the Russians came to hate him, there were several powers of Western Europe that, to put it mildly, said he had gone too far.

For what, as an example, was he doing in Katanga province? A cab-driver who took me home from the United Nations the other evening has said it best: 'This Hammarskjöld', he shouted, 'wanted to keep the Russians out of the Congo, right? But he didn't want the Belgians back in there, either, right? No wonder he was on the spot. I just wish to God there was someone else around with that amount of gall'.

A year ago, when Mr. Khrushchev banged his shoe and called for Hammarskjöld's resignation, Hammarskjöld saw clearly where his hard conclusion was leading him. He would stay only as long as the small powers wanted him. For to them, he had discovered, the United Nations was the only protection in a world of opposing giants. The United Nations, he said, belonged to the small nations, which were flocking towards it as sheep before a storm.

This conviction is entirely at odds with the Charter and the original intent of the United Nations. Dag Hammarskjöld knew it. He was therefore, in the last year, lonelier than usual. He looked to the Assembly, to the large but puny moral voice of the majority, in the hope it could rise and restrain the giants before the end came. Quite literally, therefore, he is the first martyr of the United Nations.—*Home Service*

In an article by the American journalist, Walter Lippmann, published recently (according to a report by John Crawley, B.B.C. New York correspondent, in 'From Our Own Correspondent'), he said: 'there are many signs that Hammarskjöld is, in fact, irreplaceable'. 'He is not talking', said Mr. Crawley, 'only of the practical difficulties agreeing on a successor; what he is saying is that the world is not ready for the kind of man Hammarskjöld was, or for what he felt compelled to try in the Congo—"to protect the transition in Africa from white supremacy to African self-government, for which the Africans are so unprepared"'. He notes that Mr. Hammarskjöld incurred the implacable hatred of the Soviet Union over the Congo and did not have the full support of the Western Powers'.

Venezuela's Uneasy Revolution

By GEOFFREY DRAYTON

NATIONALISTS in Iraq and Iran often assert that if their countries had a greater share in the revenues produced by their oil, or possessed them altogether, their economic problems would be solved. Yet that has not happened in Venezuela, now third among the world's oil-

producing countries and where the government has, in recent years, taken a larger slice of the profits from oil than have the Middle East oil producers. The Venezuelans have actually suffered from the fact that wealth came so easily, and the excesses of one dictatorship after another led to misappropriation of that wealth and misdirection in its use. For even the most watertight economic theories are apt to spring leaks if their proponents take no account of the rocks represented by the history and national characteristics of the country to which it is sought to apply them.

It is against the background of her own chequered history, and with the obstacles of her national characteristics, that Venezuela is facing the problem that



Señor Rómulo Betancourt, President of Venezuela

confronts any under-developed country—how to achieve a take-off from a running position that merely enables it to keep in the same place.

Apart from the language, Spain's most enduring bequest to Venezuela has been the Iberian political temperament. In Madrid they say '*Cien diputados: cien partidas*', a hundred members of parliament: a hundred political parties—with the usual outcome of an absolutist regime, king or dictator. Venezuela rid itself of its last king—Ferdinand VII of Spain—130 years ago. His successors have almost all been dictators—a Latin American experience by no means peculiar to Venezuela and not at all unintelligible since the only cohesive force to emerge from the war of independence was the military. They pushed on to the stage and off it again a whole series of their leaders, while the Iberian political temperament helped to ensure that no serious opposition gathered in the wings.

In January 1958, however, there came a change of emphasis. The last dictator, Pérez Jiménez, was overthrown, by the military as usual. But this time the junta declared its intention of establishing a democratic form of government. Elections were held, and in December Admiral Larrazabal, who had led the revolt against Pérez Jiménez and headed the interim government, quietly stepped down from office to make way for a coalition presided over by Rómulo Betancourt.

For two and a half years now he and his government have been grappling with the legacies of a century of dictatorship and of unbalanced economic development. Yet even if dictatorship is now a thing of the past, at least for the moment, the Iberian political temperament is not. The present government has so far lived through an attempt on the President's life, three abortive *coups d'état* by disaffected members of the armed forces, and riots begun by pro-Fidel Castro students and built up by the Communists into car-burning and *barricados*. Originally composed of three parties, the coalition has also survived the withdrawal of one of them, the Democratic Republican Union, which is wedded to the 'humanism' of the revolution in Cuba, and considers that the government sits too close to the United States' side of the fence.

The specific cause of this split in the coalition reflects the peculiar difficulties of making democracy work in a country where nationalism has added a new dimension to the obstructive legacies of history. In this case the Democratic Republican Union opposed the signature of a contract with a United States firm for the building of an aluminium reduction plant in the Caroní district. In fact the agreement was absolutely in accord with an election promise that manufacturing would be encouraged in order to lessen the country's dependence on oil. Yet it is also true that other election promises had suggested that it was state-owned, not foreign, and certainly not North American, manufacturing that was to be encouraged. But whatever may be the rights of



Caracas, the Venezuelan capital, from the air

the matter the fact is that President Betancourt now sees his erstwhile partners in opposition, alongside the Communists and the Left Revolutionary Movement, or Miristas. This is a youthful splinter group of Betancourt's own party, Democratic Action, with much the same aims as the Communists but rather less caution and less organization.

A Change of Emphasis

However, the most active part of the opposition is not in Congress at all. The authors of the legend '*Yanquis no: Fidel Castro sí*' that defaces every bare wall of suitable size in Caracas are mostly university students. The student body of the University of Caracas numbers 18,000, nearly all of them government-supported and half of them Communists. They organize demonstrations regularly, and it does not need the visit of Vice-President Nixon to bring out the best or worst in them. A great deal of attention is paid to these demonstrations, locally. In Caracas, for instance, it was considered important—even by such worldly members of the community as the foreign oil-company executives—that in the elections for student officers which took place just before I arrived there, the least extreme of the political groups had attracted a larger proportion of the votes than ever before, and almost as many as the Communists.

Opposition on the left is not the only political hazard facing President Betancourt. Since the overthrow of Pérez Jiménez officers of the armed forces have tried to isolate themselves from politics, and have been out of the spotlight. But if they have been silent they have been by no means inattentive to political developments. Their present views are not precisely known, but everyone I talked to in Venezuela took it for granted that they would not continue in the role of spectators if there was a threat of a Communist take-over. They represent, in fact, opinion to the right of the Betancourt government, marking out the other edge of the narrow path down which the administration has to tread.

A Communist-engineered uprising against the present regime is unlikely, since it would be an uprising against a democratically elected body. Instead, the party's tactic seems to be to push the government to such extremes and create such regular disturbances by means of willing hands like the University of Caracas, that the military will intervene to restore an authority of more conservative complexion. Any action by the Communists at that point would have a far greater chance of success, particularly if the military were not united in the choice of a leader. Internationally the revolt would be acclaimed as a Fidel Castro type of liberation, and the result would probably be as extreme as the Cuban model in its later phases. However, it is generally believed that the military is aware of the Communist stratagem; it is therefore supporting the Betancourt government, even though it may dislike some of the social legislation—one hesitates to say 'socialist' because in Latin America the state has always had its finger in most pies. It is legislation to reduce the inequalities of income and privilege that the military may find unpalatable.

Poverty plus Petroleum

In the economic sphere the Betancourt government has to walk no less carefully than in the political. The problems it faces are those which, in essence, confront the government of any under-developed country, although they are more glaring in Venezuela because of the misuse of the large income that was available from oil. That income was spent not on balanced development but on eye-catching public works, elaborate road systems, enormous—and now empty—marble hotels, sports stadia, luxurious government buildings, and clubs for the military. By no means all of these projects were necessarily bad in themselves—the roads, for example; though the taxi-driver who took me from the airport at La Guaira observed that the new highway we were driving on was all right for Cadillacs, like his, but that it was too steady a climb for the engines of most heavily laden trucks. For all that, in the coastal area of Venezuela the 'fat man who went away', which is the local term of reference for Pérez Jiménez, did in fact create much that was worth while. But far more was superfluous, and evidence of his misspending are the squatters' shacks that, in Caracas for instance, climb up the mountain slopes as a

sordid backcloth to the elegant skyscrapers. When I visited the Minister of Mines and Hydrocarbons, Señor Pérez Alfonso, he opened the interview by taking me to the window of his office in order to point the architectural contrast. 'We have poverty as well as petroleum', he said.

The skyscrapers no less than the shacks are monuments to the kind of cul-de-sac economy that Pérez Jiménez perpetuated, overspending in the process. Its characteristics were a boom in construction, rampant speculation in real estate, and the multiplication of employment in 'non-productive' labour—that is, in the provision of services, administrative, financial and more lowly, for a highly sophisticated community. In fact, all the tertiary appurtenances of an industrial economy, but without the industry. Agriculture, the only basic production other than oil, was neglected, and the inhabitants of the countryside, which was often without communications and always without social amenities, flocked to the towns in the hope of work and a better life. And as jobs were not always forthcoming without yet more government expenditure on public works, the shanty slums built by these disgruntled peasants have become hot-beds of disaffection and disorder.

More important in the long run is the fact that, once accustomed to urban ways, it is difficult to get such people back to the land. This will pose a serious problem if Venezuela ever begins the systematic exploitation of the mineral wealth of her vast interior. At the moment, for instance, gold does not feature very prominently in Venezuela's list of important exports, and diamonds scarcely at all. But down in the south, in the state of Bolívar, prospectors come and go, taking fortunes in gold and diamonds across the border into Brazil. The Venezuelan Treasury reaps no benefit from these activities. There are no roads, and no way of policing the area. Civilization stops half-way down the country, on the banks of the Orinoco River, where there are iron-ore deposits and hydro-electric potential, and where steel and aluminium industries are just being developed.

Land Reform

The juxtaposition of skyscrapers and shanties in Caracas accentuates, as it does in Rio de Janeiro and in Lima, the basic characteristics of virtually every Latin American country—concentrated wealth alongside mass poverty. Nevertheless, Venezuela has had one advantage over most of the other republics. In the latter, attempts to remedy the social injustices of extreme wealth and poverty have usually come unstuck at the very first hurdle—land reform. With a population that is small relative to the quantity of arable land, land reform in Venezuela did not depend solely upon distributing the latifundia—with all the attendant political difficulties of such a policy. The main difficulty was the financial one of clearing the land, resettling the peasants, and providing them with the necessary credit facilities to keep going—no mean task, admittedly, but at least finance was available to make a start.

The restoration of agriculture was one of the planks in Señor Betancourt's election platform, and thanks to injections of government capital, over 35,000 peasant families have been re-settled and credit given them. Some effects have been that imports of cotton, corn and rice have ceased and output of sugar, coffee, and cocoa has risen from the disastrously low levels of 1958-59. But not all those who have left the land have been tempted back. The trouble is that recovery in agriculture is not as spectacular as the appearance of a new highway or skyscraper hotel. Not only that, but the government's resources are limited. What it spends in one way is not available for spending in another—against a background of efforts to balance a budget in the face of run-down reserves. From the outset of its career the government was confronted with the need to increase its revenues and reduce its outlays. What has been done in this direction has inevitably seemed to contradict its declared policy of reducing poverty and unemployment, and of providing the necessary social capital basis for a genuine industrial take-off.

The fact is that the government faces a bigger task than it can handle with its own resources, and it gets little help from private domestic capital. In Venezuela, as elsewhere in Latin America, capitalists have never been good at investing in their own



Part of the new highway linking Caracas with the port of La Guaira

Shell Photographic Unit

country, except when there were prospects of a quick and large return. The favourite outlet was construction, where profits of 20 per cent. a year and more were easily obtained. But these capitalists took the overthrow of Pérez Jiménez as a warning that their profits would no longer be so easy to come by. Subsequent reductions of government expenditure on public works proved them right, and they had scarcely become accustomed to this when a statutory reduction in rents threw them into further confusion. The flight of capital out of the country, which had begun with the fall of the dictator, accelerated with an increase in company income tax, and before long exchange controls had to be brought in to check it. But the damage was already done. Confidence was gone, the economy languished and unemployment grew.

If the government cannot, and private capital will not, provide the necessary resources for economic development, what about the oil industry? The Betancourt government came into power on the declared policy of forming a national oil corporation, of restricting the foreign companies to the acreages which they already held, and of obtaining higher revenues from these acreages. It has achieved all these aims. The industry, already plagued by a world over-supply of oil, reacted in the way that might have been expected. It drew in its horns and economised severely. It reduced its labour force, cut its expenditure on exploration, drilled fewer wells, and produced from those it already had. The effects on the national economy have been serious. Quite as important as the royalties and income tax which the oil industry paid to the Treasury was the employment it provided for local contractors, the purchases which it made in local markets, and the host of 'camp-following' services that its operations—particularly exploration—require. Reduction in the industry's activities affected all these subsidiary concerns: several of the smaller ones slid into bankruptcy, and the blight spread.

In the early days of the Betancourt regime, both business and labour were united on one point of policy—that more should be squeezed out of the foreigner—that is, the oil companies—to finance the country's development. But these two groups no longer share this view. The business man, who, it seems, had never before noticed how intimately his own prosperity was connected with that of the oil industry, was aghast when he began to feel the pinch. The socialist majority was not aghast—it was merely dissatisfied. The less extreme among them accused the oil industry of bringing pressure to bear on the government in order to secure a reversal of its measures. The more extreme called for stabilization of employment and nationalization.

Perhaps recognizing the dangers of such policies, the Federation of Chambers of Commerce proposed to the Minister of Mines and Hydrocarbons that something should be done to lighten the oil companies' financial burdens and stimulate their activities afresh. Dr. Carillo Batalla, the Finance Minister who resigned in March this year, had made much the same kind of plea for the economy as a whole. Diagnosing its ailments as being due to a lack of confidence, he proposed to make more money available to private business, particularly the construction industry, in order to revive the economy. The opposition accused him of being on the side of the builders and bankers, which was probably enough in itself to secure his departure from office.

However, President Betancourt is unwilling to be deflected from his course, either to right or left. It is not his policy merely to restore the economy to what it was before—to a state of artificial boom from which the current artificial slump resulted. He intends to strike out in

a new direction, not to re-enter an economic cul-de-sac. The President has himself said that there will be no further moves against the oil companies—either in the way of higher taxes, or towards nationalization, for example. The most likely development is a gradual growth of the state oil corporation as the foreign oil companies exhaust their present concessions—and that will be a matter of decades. On this basis the country should have an assured and sizeable income with which to remedy the defects of its present lop-sided development, slowly building from the bottom. If this step-by-step progress can be maintained—and the oil companies are currently going along with it for fear of the likely alternative—the country will achieve a take-off into a more stable future. If, on the other hand, the Betancourt regime is not given the time to repair the structure, progress will be postponed until some other government has the necessary power behind it to impose a solution, and it is for just such a role that the Communist Party is grooming itself.—*Third Programme*

THE LISTENER and B.B.C. Television Review

next week will be an
AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

It will include a review of
'The Strategic Air Offensive against Germany
1939-45'

by Professor R. V. Jones,
a former Director of Scientific Intelligence to the
Ministry of Defence

Among other contributors will be
Helen Gardner, Philip Hope-Wallace,
David Knowles, John Morris, William Plomer,
D. Mack Smith, Stephen Spender, and
W. J. H. Sprott

The Listener

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Third Programme

TOMORROW is the fifteenth anniversary of the B.B.C.'s Third Programme. To those who remember its beginning in 1946, only just after the end of the war, it may appear surprising that what started as an experiment should have become so familiar a part of domestic broadcasting in Britain that there must be few educated people in the country today who have not listened to it at one time or another. That does not mean to say that the idea of having a Third Programme at all is no longer controversial. There are many ways in which the B.B.C.'s domestic sound broadcasting services could be arranged. The point about the Third is that if one may judge by the interest that has been stimulated in talks, dramas and musical programmes alike, the Third Programme has proved its value. Indeed, some people might think the Third had earned its keep by the service that it has rendered to music. Haydn, Bach, Stravinsky's opera *The Rake's Progress* on gramophone records, the first performance of a French harpsichord concerto, the Aeolian String Quartet playing Shostakovich and Schoenberg, the Renaissance Singers, an illustrated talk about style in orchestration: these are just some of the things that may be heard this week and they are representative of the kind of patronage that the Third has been able to give both to contemporary music and to the better known international works of the past.

One criticism that has been made of spoken-word material in the Third is that it has sometimes been too esoteric, that some of the talks have been about subjects conceived in 'an ivory tower'. Yet such criticism is probably only a reflection of the tendency among intellectuals of any one group to regard any specialized theme treated by someone in another as an esoteric pursuit (a point well made in Mr. E. D. S. Corner's play *The Dobson Fund* in B.B.C. Television last May). If an analysis were to be made of all the poetry, drama, and talks broadcast in the Third during any one quarter it would be seen that trouble was taken to make the output a balanced one. To those who think that any of the political talks lack topicality it could be answered that in recent years several series (like those talks about Africa, Germany, and China) have clearly been planned to fill in as authoritatively as possible an up-to-date background for people who may have followed the swiftly changing course of events that has been plotted in the Home Service by programmes like 'Ten O'Clock'.

Early in 1947 Sir Harold Nicolson wrote a foreword to a B.B.C. pamphlet about the Third Programme describing some of its aims. He explained the opportunity that was being offered to cultivate the public by not pretending that culture was something other than what it was. 'The Third Programme', he said, 'does not talk either down to people or up to people; it talks to people direct. It is this directness which gives it such distinction'. In the last two years there has been an even stronger emphasis than before in the Third on letting those people who do things in the cultural world speak directly for themselves, so that the public has recently been able to hear the voices of many individual poets, historians, men in industry, composers, painters and architects. There is always a certain excitement in hearing directly talks or contributions to discussion by creative people, because most of us have only a limited opportunity of doing so. The Third Programme will always have its critics, informed and ill-informed, vulgar and profane; but fifteen is a not unattractive age to be.

What They Are Saying

Crisis for the United Nations

ALLEGATIONS THAT Mr. Hammarskjöld's death should be laid at the door of the 'imperialists' came from Morocco and the United Arab Republic as well as from newspapers in Ghana and India. Rabat radio said the evidence pointed to murder. Cairo radio seemed at pains to argue that 'imperialism' had created the conditions in the Congo which led to the Secretary-General's death—not that it had caused the aircraft to crash.

All who made these charges paid tribute to Mr. Hammarskjöld's character and achievements. 'In our opinion', said an official spokesman over Rabat radio, 'Mr. Hammarskjöld died for the sake of the U.N. and the African cause'. Cairo's *Al-Akhbar* declared he had saved the world from several calamities, and mentioned Suez. Hammarskjöld was loyal to the United Nations Charter, according to *Al-Jumhuriyah*, though he had not always seen 'the right path' in the early days.

Moscow gave publicity to the accusations against the 'imperialists' but obviously could not share the Afro-Asian view of Mr. Hammarskjöld. Before his death, it said, the Secretary-General and his 'protectors' were taking action in Katanga only in order to avoid criticism at the U.N. and to be in a position to oppose demands for its reorganization. The fact that the U.N. forces had not started the fighting in Katanga, said Moscow radio, was proof that the United Nations had not intended to use force against the Katanga separatists. The cease-fire was described by Soviet commentators as a 'disgraceful' capitulation to Tshombe, engineered by the 'colonialists and big monopolies' with particular help from 'ruling circles in Britain'.

The *Times of India* thought the way the cease-fire was negotiated confirmed the impression that the United Nations was in 'utter disarray'. But it went on:

Somewhat hysterical criticism of Britain's role in this affair has rather hastily assumed that all those who consider the U.N. military action undesirable and prefer a negotiated settlement are *ipso facto* imperialist sympathizers of the Katanga administration. Such sympathizers undoubtedly do exist, but it needs to be said that the ineffectiveness of the U.N. military action—for whatever reason—should impel a basic re-examination of the U.N. role in the Congo. Congolese unity is indeed desirable and is an objective that should never be abandoned, but not at the cost of grievously injuring the international organization.

Otherwise there was little comment from the Afro-Asian world on the problem created for the U.N. by the death of Mr. Hammarskjöld. Cairo radio set out Western and Soviet views on the Secretariat, but indicated no specific U.A.R. attitude. Meanwhile *The New York Times* wrote:

... it is the smaller nations in the Assembly, especially the 'positive neutralists' who want to play a role in world affairs, who must now rally around the United Nations and help to save an institution that is their best shield and protection and far more important to them than to the big powers who can take care of themselves.

Moscow radio, commenting on the Rusk-Gromyko talks, said it appeared that the West was trying to dodge discussion of the main issue—the German and West Berlin problems—by insisting that the talks embrace every aspect of East-West relations. However, it described the joint Soviet-American statement on the principles of disarmament as 'an important step'. The East German *Deutschlandsender* said some United States views on disarmament had changed substantially in the course of the Zorin-McCloy talks.

East German commentators rejected as 'slander' reports in the Western press that people living in houses along the Berlin East-West boundary were being forcibly evacuated. All that was happening was that 'some citizens of democratic Berlin, who live in particularly exposed streets along the State frontier, are moving into quieter parts of the GDR capital' to avoid being troubled by 'crowds of rowdies'. In a *Deutschlandsender* interview, the official in charge of the removals said people had been given plenty of time to pack all their belongings.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

A QUIET SPORT

'JUDO is comparatively modern', said ANNE MORRIS in 'Shire Talk' (Midland Home Service), 'but it is based on jiu-jitsu, an assortment of tricks of attack and defence used in Japan for at least 2,000 years. Fifty years ago these tricks were collected and revised on a scientific basis by the then Japanese Minister of Education. He took out the most dangerous throws—the "killer" ones—and gave us judo as it is today: a sport which can be used with devastating effect in unpleasant circumstances.

'The best, in fact the only, way to learn judo successfully is to join one of the 500 clubs which are now flourishing in this country. Most of them run special classes for women, and will make a point of teaching self-defence. It does not matter how old or young, or even how muscular you are. In the course of one lesson I learnt several useful tricks which could be used by almost any woman. Naturally, I need to practise them, to acquire speed. Speed, both of thought and movement, is essential. One learns to take one's opponent by surprise and throw him off balance, and that is the secret.

'How long it takes you to achieve this depends entirely on you and how much you want to do. You might become really keen on judo as a sport if you like being thrown around. I don't, even though I was told that I might become good in time because I fall well.

'What are they like, these tricks? One of them is a special way of striking a blow with the edge of your hand. This was originally taught to a washerwoman by Dr. Kano, the gentleman who evolved judo from jiu-jitsu. He showed her how to thump the washing with the edge of her hand, instead of her fist, and how to get the full force of her body into the blow. One night she was returning home late when a man caught hold of her coat. Without thinking, she swung round and hit him, using the blow she had been using on the laundry. It broke his arm.

'Compared with most others, judo is an inexpensive sport. All one needs is the traditional loose-fitting white suit, which, incidentally, has no buttons and seems at first rather hazardous in mixed company. However, there is a special method of tying the long sash—or belt—which goes with it, and which has the dual purpose of holding one together and being soft to fall on. As a

beginner, one wears a white belt. As one improves, one graduates to a coloured one—yellow, orange, green, and so on, until one finally reaches the coveted status of being a Black Belt.

'Knowledge of judo means power; so, to see that the power is not abused, an atmosphere of quiet politeness and mutual respect is always preserved. You will find this particularly striking if you go to watch a match between two clubs.



A class at the national headquarters of judo in Japan

There is no cheering, shouting, or even clapping between bouts. The atmosphere is tense and charged with excitement, while everyone watches intently to see which of the two contestants will make the first mistake and find himself at the mercy of his opponent.

'Many clubs run a junior section, and I for one shall encourage my young daughter to take a course. I shall be satisfied if she ends up with some idea of how to take care of herself in the kind of emergency which one hopes will never happen, but all too often does'.

THROUGH AUSTRALIAN EYES

ANGUS MAUDE, who recently returned to England after three years as editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, spoke in the Home Service about British attitudes to the Commonwealth as seen through Australian eyes.

'Australia is right on the edge of Asia', he said, 'and Asia lies between it and Europe. Australia has about as much coastline to defend as the whole of continental Europe from Baltic Russia round to Turkey. To do it, she has one operational brigade of regular troops, plus a couple of battalions and a few territorial formations. She has a modest air force, adequate for limited local operations. And she has a dozen or so small warships, and one aircraft carrier in commission. This occasionally gives rise to some misgivings even among the normally buoyant and optimistic Australians. There was a time when to be a part of the British Empire, protected by the Royal Navy, was enough. This golden age ended, with a sharp crack, at the fall of Singapore.

'The Australians and New Zealanders had loyally and voluntarily entered a European war in support of Britain. Long before Japan brought the war into the Pacific, they were fighting in North Africa as they had fought a generation before at Gallipoli. But when Australia was threatened by the Japanese, who were actually in New Guinea just as Hitler was on the Channel coast, Britain could not help her. It was the United States that saved Australia. If another powerful enemy threatened Australia, Britain could not help her now. America could, but would she?

'Australia is about as big as the United States—bigger than



Throwing her 'attacker': a pupil at a class on self-defence in Britain

western Europe. In it there are 10,000,000 people, which is only one-fifth as many as there are in Britain; and even to reach this figure has involved an enormous and costly immigration programme since the war. Sydney, one of the most exciting and beautifully sited cities in the world, is the second largest white city in the British Commonwealth, and Melbourne is nearly as big. But Australia is still a vast country with a tiny population. Hence the misgivings—too much empty space which others want to occupy. And hence, too, the wary eye turned northwards to what is going on in Asia. And when Australians look across Asia to Europe—and particularly to Britain—they see no very encouraging prospect. They do not get many encouraging answers when they look across the Pacific to America, either; but then they do not really expect to. For Australia is still predominantly a British people. The Queen of England is the Queen of Australia.

'Yet the British do not really care about Australia, whereas the Australians care deeply about Britain. They still talk about "going home", even when they are fourth-generation Australians making their first trip to England in a lifetime. Unfortunately, only too often it is a sadly disillusioning experience. The Empire, the Commonwealth, Australia, New Zealand—admirable things, jolly good ideas. Let's be nice to these people when they come over: and indeed we are delightfully kind to them. But how many of us are interested enough to want to know, to find out, what it is all about? They want to hear whether anyone really knows or cares—in terms of hard figures—what is going to happen to their wheat and metals and beef and butter and eggs. It happens to be a matter of life and death to them. We cannot defend them any more. We cannot even help them much. But we might at least *care*'.

'CARLA' AND OTHERS

'The hurricane "Carla" could easily have caused much more havoc', said JOHN MADDOX in 'Commentary' (General Overseas Service). 'In fact it is only just sixty years since a storm following on much the same track killed 6,000 people in the seaport of Galveston, on the Gulf of Mexico. But this time there was ample warning, and people who were living in the path of the advancing hurricane had two or three days in which to move away from it.'

'All this is a telling proof of how efficient the methods have become for keeping track of dangerous tropical storms like hurricanes, or typhoons, as they are called in the Pacific. In the United States there is a special organization within the Weather Bureau which has no other function. It aims to detect hurricanes soon after they are formed, and to keep track of each of them during its lifetime, which may be anything up to twelve days. Until recently this was done by means of special aircraft flights, during which measuring instruments

would be dropped into different parts of a hurricane system to give some idea of its intensity. Now radar is widely used to give accurate measurements of the position of a hurricane storm, and in the last few months there has come the possibility that photographs taken from earth satellites might help in the tracking of hurricanes. In fact the latest of the American weather satellites was launched at this time of the year precisely so that meteorologists could assess these benefits.

'Though it has become much easier to follow hurricanes in their long journeys across the mid-Atlantic, meteorologists are still puzzled to know exactly how these storms are caused, and why they behave in the way they do. Why, for instance, is this time of the year the season for hurricanes in the North Atlantic? This seems to have something to do with the heating up by the sun of vast stretches of the Atlantic near the Equator, and the tendency that follows from this for gigantic bubbles of warm air to rise rapidly upwards. But just why these turn into hurricanes, nobody knows.

'Another problem is to understand how a hurricane can travel so far across the ocean picking up energy as it goes. Once they are formed, hurricanes are exaggerated versions of the deep depressions that bring rain and bad weather in temperate regions. The violence of the hurricane winds is in fact a

measure of the deepness and the compactness of the depression. Hurricanes are less intense—but, of course, very much bigger—than the tornadoes which occur in dry parts of the world. When it is fully developed, a hurricane like "Carla" can have several hundred times the energy of a 100-megaton bomb. So long as it is still over the Atlantic, a hurricane will travel to the West within the tropics, veering a little to the north, at a speed of something like fifteen miles an hour. By the time it crosses the tropics it will usually be moving due north and—so long as it is not robbed of energy over land—its track will then curl round again towards the east.

'In its general nature, these hurricane tracks are understandable. But, so far, nobody understands why there has been a big change in the details of these tracks in the last quarter of a century. It used to be that if they reached the North American coast hurricanes would hit in Florida or in the Southern States—in the places where "Carla" struck, for instance. But then, in 1938, an intense hurricane struck well to the north of the usual track in New England, and since then these storms have been a regular autumn hazard in that part of the United States. No doubt all this has something to do with a radical change in the pattern of the world's climate, but just what this is nobody seems to know.

'Though we now know enough to be able to get out of the way of hurricane storms, in some ways hurricanes are still as mysterious as they seemed to Christopher Columbus in the Caribbean 400 years ago'.



A tornado photographed as it approached Detroit



The recent hurricane 'Carla' photographed by the American weather satellite 'Tiros III' while it was still 160 miles off the coast of Texas. The dark area shows the approaching cloud mass

Accident Neurosis

By A CONSULTANT NEUROLOGIST

THE term 'accident neurosis' refers to a disabling complaint of nervous origin: the symptoms are subjective, and there is usually no bodily sign of any emotional disturbance. The complaint is made by a minority of those who suffer accidental injury, and it sometimes follows accidents without any injury at all. Naturally, all sorts of nervous disturbances may follow injury or accident, and diagnosis is not always easy and straightforward. But there are two features of this unique 'disease' that are invariable. First, the accident must be due to somebody else's fault—at any rate in the injured party's estimation; and, secondly, it must offer a chance of financial compensation. Both these conditions are fulfilled in three-quarters of all the personal injuries that are sustained at work, or in road accidents.

I am, in fact, referring to a disorder that has long been familiar to doctors and lawyers as traumatic, compensation or litigation neurosis. The symptoms are among the most stereotyped in all medicine. The usual complaints are 'terrific headaches', 'terrible backache', dizziness, irritability, and sleeplessness, intolerance of noise, depression, and often intractable, inexplicable, and increasing pain at the site of the injury. But the most conspicuous and constant of all the symptoms is an unshakable conviction of unfitness for work. After some months this often gives place to a reluctant admission of fitness for light work—which unfortunately is not available. Such unfitness is, of course, especially relevant to the issue of damages, and, like most of my fellow neurologists, I have no doubt whatever that this is also the mainspring of the condition.

Loss to Industry

Accident neurosis has been the subject of surprisingly little systematic study. The condition is rife in the United States, Great Britain, Western Germany, and Israel; but it is rare in France, where neurosis is not usually compensated. It also seems to be unimportant in Eastern Europe, where administrative action has removed such issues from the Law Courts, and where the opportunity for a large cash award does not arise. But in this country it causes a considerable loss to industry. Every year probably not less than one in five of the 1,000,000 people injured at work or in traffic accidents claims such disablement; and industrial injury alone accounts for the loss of 16,000,000 working days every year. Here we come across the first of several intriguing paradoxes about accident neurosis: it does not occur when similar accidents happen in the home (where there are more than 250,000 accidental injuries each year), nor does it ever complicate recovery from injuries sustained on the rugby or hunting fields. This is not because of any difference in age: male industrial workers in their twenties provide some very florid examples.

Accident neurosis is much commoner in the lower social and occupational groups: it is a disorder of the labourer rather than of the charge-hand or the skilled workman. It is commoner in men than women, and it more often follows industrial than traffic accidents. It is, significantly, a complication of minor, trivial, or even non-existent physical injury; it affects the grazed or frightened workman much more often than the man with the fractured skull or pelvis. It is not in essence a complication of frightening accidents: disabling instances that I have seen in the past few months have included a warehouseman whose ankle was bruised by a falling roll of linoleum, a woman who struck her buttock against the seat of a lurching bus, and a miner who fell from his bicycle on the way to work. Each of these claimants has recovered completely from the minor physical injury he sustained, but they have all lost more than eighteen months' employment from purely nervous symptoms. The condition, by the way, is not seen in injured children, though some of their parents do their best to persuade them into it.

Accident neurosis is distinguished from every other kind of disabling neurotic breakdown by the fact that it often affects people who have never had any hint of previous nervous trouble. Some of these are people of limited intelligence and unstable work record, but even this is far from a general rule, and many claim robust physical and mental health until the very day of the accident. But such a record is far from being, as is sometimes suggested in court, a touchstone of the genuineness of the condition. In fact, as a piece of evidence it points rather in the opposite direction. Initial neurotic breakdown in a man of forty is almost unknown in medicine except as a response to truly catastrophic emotional stress or as a symptom either of serious mental illness or organic disease. Minor accidents are hardly in this class.

Unchanged and Unremitting Symptoms

There is another feature which distinguishes accident neurosis from other illnesses, both physical and mental. In its classical form its symptoms persist absolutely unchanged and unremitting, day in and day out, for months or years, and show no response whatever to treatment of any kind. They continue in fact until the case is settled and then—win or lose—nearly every patient recovers completely and without treatment; and, what is more, recovery is permanent. Of the considerable number of cases I have seen with a second 'attack' of accident neurosis, not one has ever admitted to any persisting disablement from the first accident at the time of the second. Recently, I followed up some fifty cases: forty-five had recovered completely after settlement; three had always had chronic neurotic symptoms, and these continued after the accident much as they had done before it; and the remaining two, both trivially injured, claimed persisting psychiatric disablement. In both these cases, to lump sum settlements of several thousand pounds were added National Insurance Pensions for traumatic neurosis, and it seems improbable that either man will ever work again; both are labourers of poor intelligence who have faced their prolonged idleness with the cheerful fortitude so characteristic under these circumstances.

It goes without saying that accident neurosis is a most remarkable and indeed a unique psychiatric disorder. Doubts about its genuineness have assailed nearly every physician who has studied these cases. Like the orthopaedic surgeon, the general practitioner knows that many of these patients are really quite fit to be back at work, but he knows that it will be a losing battle to try to force such a patient back while continued idleness is almost certainly going to ensure an increased financial gain. Antagonism aroused by the doctor's well-intentioned pressure may even intensify and prolong the patient's complaints.

No Part for the Psychiatrist

What part does the psychiatrist play in this situation? The answer is that he takes little part in it at all. The good general practitioner knows better than to waste the psychiatrist's time with an illness that is so frankly situational. He knows that the psychiatrist's treatment is no more likely to be beneficial than his own efforts, and anyway more often than not he suspects the genuineness of the man's complaints. Indeed, the experienced psychiatrist will usually decline to undertake the treatment of a case of this kind until the compensation issue is settled, after which it is most unlikely that treatment will be needed. This psychiatric illness falls within the province of the solicitor, the orthopaedic surgeon, and the trade union official rather than that of the psychiatrist. A psychiatrist's opinion is obtained in less than a fifth of such cases: many lawyers mistrust psychiatric evidence, because it is often little more than a lengthy restatement of the patient's subjective complaints followed by the psychiatrist's equally subjective avowal that he believes what the patient says.

Psychiatrists are conditioned to think in terms of deeper mental mechanisms, and many find it difficult to credit the motive power of mere cupidity. Besides, they tend not to call a spade a spade: exaggeration or plain sham is described only in the most oblique and euphemistic terminology. As in crime, malingering is by no means rare in these cases, but even when it is barefaced the psychiatrist may neatly turn the tables: to him, it is further impressive evidence of a disturbed mind.

A Motivated Illness

What then is the nature of this fascinating disorder? In general, psychiatric illnesses do not have a single cause like the germ of typhoid fever. In certain instances, however, one factor is so predominant that it can reasonably be regarded as the main or exciting cause. Neurosis is a motivated illness. In every instance it offers some form of gain or benefit to the patient: rescues him from the army, the probing examination, or the difficult family situation. In some cases of severe neurotic disturbance this may be difficult to credit, and yet even the most distressing psychoneurotic complaints seem to represent a form of biological protection from something worse. This often becomes clear when such symptoms are removed by treatment. In hysteria we have a psychiatric illness where motivation is transparent. This is outstandingly true of accident neurosis, where it is claimed that disproportionate and often devastating disablement has resulted from trivial injury. In fact, however, every bit of clinical evidence favours the origin of this condition not in injury or accident itself but in the compensation situation and the hope of financial gain. This view is accepted in its essentials by most of those who deal with these cases, and controversy chiefly concerns the level at which motivation operates.

Here the attitude of most psychiatrists differs from that of the majority of other people involved in this work, whether doctors or lawyers. The psychiatrist accepts motivation, but regards it as unconscious and beyond the patient's control, resulting in a genuine disability which is a direct result of the accident, and is as appropriately rewarded by financial compensation as a broken leg. I find this contention insupportable. However true the fashionable but unproven hypothesis of unconscious motivation may be (and on this issue both philosophers and psychologists remain acutely divided) the idea that the sufferer from accident neurosis is unaware of the connexion between his symptoms and his financial aspirations is difficult to uphold. It is flatly contradicted by the patient's often obsessive preoccupation with the monetary aspects of his case, and it is supported by nothing more substantial than his own disclaimer—which in this context can hardly be regarded as unprejudiced.

You will see that the view of accident neurosis I am putting forward here goes beyond the imputation of occasional bad faith, and casts doubt on the genuineness of the condition as a whole. Where there is no evidence of a previous history of emotional disturbance the symptoms rarely deserve to be regarded as manifestations of a true neurosis, and the condition really has more in common with malingering than with true psychiatric illness. Since the symptoms are entirely subjective, this is a suspicion that can rarely be proved, though it is not unknown for the occasional successful claimant to boast about it later. It is an interpretation that certainly accords better with the clinical facts than do any explanations in terms of formal psychopathology.

Expression of an Uneasy Society

In essence accident neurosis is a social or political rather than a medical disorder: it is the expression of an uneasy society which confers some of the promised benefits of socialism in the shape of economic security, but which conspicuously fails to exert the social discipline or to inspire the industrial morale on which its success must depend. It is perhaps not entirely fanciful to see in it an individual assertion of class struggle. Litigation of this kind represents the unskilled worker's only chance—apart from the pools—of escape from work that rarely affords personal interest or satisfaction, and of acquiring the security and the status immediately conferred by a few thousand pounds in the bank. 'They'—the employer or the insurance company—'they' are fair game, and moral considerations are no more relevant to the claimant

than they are to the property speculator or the takeover bidder.

It may be objected, and indeed I have heard it forcibly argued by experienced union officials, that accident neurosis is iatrogenic—that is to say caused by doctors—and that only firm but kindly discipline exerted by the doctor can prevent it. It must be admitted at once that either because of misplaced sympathy, or perhaps more often from a mere desire to avoid trouble, there are a few doctors who play into the hands of the work-shy by tacitly supporting the commonly held lay view that absence from work in itself constitutes a form of medical treatment. But to allot such a central role to the doctor exaggerates his importance in this situation and places on him an insupportable responsibility for the correction of ills which are intrinsic in society. The doctor who does try to push his accident neurosis patient back to work is not only pitting his puny influence against powerful social forces, all of which operate in the opposite direction, but he is also trying to persuade the patient to act against what he cannot but regard as his own financial interest. Small wonder that the most socially conscientious doctor rarely succeeds and soon abandons the unequal struggle. It must be remembered also that in an industrial area one important function of the general practitioner is to provide a buffer between the patient and the pressures of society, a society which is not always friendly and manageable to the workman; it is often exacting and impersonal if not actually hostile or frightening. The patient expects his doctor to support his interests against 'them'. If the doctor tries to force the issue of a return to work the patient will often go to another practitioner round the corner, who may be more compliant; and such a transfer sometimes involves friends and neighbours as well as the man's immediate family.

Two Ways to Meet the Situation

What can be done to remedy this situation and to save the squalid waste of manpower and money which it involves? The situation can be met in two ways: either by an alteration in the practice of the courts or by a change in administrative procedure. Of these the alteration in court practice would be the more effective and the more economical. It would demand the establishment in court of the contention that accident neurosis is not a direct result of the accident, but of what is called a *novus actus interveniens*—in this instance, the hope of financial compensation. If this were established in a few test cases, accident neurosis would have lost its *raison d'être* and would disappear, as did such intriguing historical variants as 'railway spine'.

An alteration in procedure would not prevent accident neurosis, but would mitigate its worst evils, which are largely due to the law's delays. Less than one in ten of the cases ever come to trial, and most are settled by protracted legal haggling out of court. The average interval between accident and settlement or trial is two years. It is often much longer. The condition would be cut short if the facts about liability were firmly established by immediate inquiry at the site of the accident and if this issue came to trial within a few months. This would at any rate prevent the especially pointless cases where prolonged disablement follows an injury for which liability is ultimately disallowed at a trial long after the event. A few months after the settlement of the issue of liability the medical aspects of the case should be finally assessed and a firm decision reached about the amount of compensation. It might be necessary occasionally to defer medical assessment in the case of very severe injuries, or if there were a serious risk of important developments such as traumatic epilepsy, but neurotic complications are in any case rare with such serious injuries. An alteration of administrative procedure on these lines would be a less powerful contribution to solving this social problem than an alteration of practice, but it would do something to reduce the sum total of humbug and demoralization which must be laid at the door of accident neurosis today.—*Third Programme*

The Steel Industry 1939-1959 by Duncan Burn (Cambridge, £4) is a sequel to the same author's *The Economic History of Steel-making 1867-1939*. His new book considers the technical innovations and the political developments of the last two decades; a substantial part is devoted to a comparison between the organization and growth of the British industry and those of its American and Continental counterparts.

James Joyce: a First Impression

By JAMES STERN

BEFORE speaking of the impression, perhaps I should mention an incident that occurred a couple of years before. One night, soon after I went to live in Paris, I was invited to a party at a house on the Ile St. Louis. The room was candle-lit and filled with people, only one of whom I knew. She was the hostess, an American woman with a fine soprano voice, and she was accompanying herself at the piano. Opposite me, by the fireplace, sat a young man dressed in a dark suit, tightly knotted tie, and white starched collar. Under a rather prominent nose he wore a neat, clipped moustache, and the lenses of his spectacles had the thickness of those magnifying glasses that the well-to-do sometimes use as paper-weights on their writing tables.

When the hostess's song had come to an end and the applause had died away, a girl approached the young man and began to speak to him in French. Slowly, a little wearily, he answered her in that language—in a voice remarkably rich and deep, a voice charged, even more surprisingly, with the unmistakable accent of Dublin. Before long an elderly gentleman took the girl's place, and I found myself catching snatches of conversation in Italian—a language which the young man spoke with equal fluency, in that deep bass voice, and with the same brogue.

Presently the old gentleman departed and the young man and I were left alone by the fireside. As he glanced up at me, something, I knew, had to be said. The question was: what? A stickler for the oblique approach, I sensed he might well be one, too. So: 'Ireland's a grand country!' I ventured.

He stared at me, his eyes tremendous behind the lenses. 'They say it is', he boomed. 'I've set foot in it only once in the last twenty years'.

Flummoxed, I began diffidently to speak of Irish literature, of Yeats and O'Casey, of Stephens and Colum, of the Abbey Theatre, and finally of Dublin. But in my casual observations the young man appeared to take little interest. He is undoubtedly in business, said I to myself, a professional linguist, a superior agent for Thomas Cook's, or possibly that rarest of birds—a renegade Irishman of means. I made, nevertheless, one more effort.

'There's only one writer', I declared defiantly, 'who really knows Dublin. Did you ever hear of *Ulysses*, by James Joyce?'

'Oh, I did', said he, reaching for his glass. 'He's me father'. A few nights later I ran into Robert McAlmon. When I told him of the incident, he grinned. 'You should meet the old man', he said. 'Remind me to call him one of these days'.

Bob had often made this remark. And he had told me many stories of Joyce, whom he had known long before the publication

of *Ulysses*—the last chapter of which, at the author's urgent request, Bob had reluctantly agreed to type for the printer. What had happened was this: Molly Bloom's unpunctuated meditations had already been typed by an Englishwoman. Her husband, however, enraged at the 'filth' she had been persuaded to put through her machine, tore both her copy and the original script to shreds. As a result, Joyce had to rewrite the famous chapter: and in the process Molly acquired fresh thoughts.

Unfortunately for Bob, who in an unguarded moment had mentioned to Joyce that he was a fast typist, many of these thoughts were not included in the new script. They were marked, instead, by various coloured pencil-lings in the pages of several notebooks—to be inserted by the typist at places indicated by similar markings in the script. Having taken care on many occasions to remind Bob that he had claimed to be a fast typist, Joyce finally handed him the new script and the bundle of notebooks. 'You surely understand, McAlmon', he said, 'what I am doing, better than that lady typist'.

Molly's monologue was typed by Bob in the throes of a thundering hangover. 'Even

drunk', he once wrote to me, 'I knew that my eyes were to be taxed and that Joyce would notice that I had got some of the thoughts out of his mystic order. He detected that, but agreed with me that Molly's thoughts might be irregular anyway'.

Though twenty years his junior, Bob always talked of Joyce as a contemporary, with total lack of awe. Awe, for that matter, was a sensation utterly unknown to Bob. On perceiving it in another, he was likely to let out a yell and, should the hour be late, shower the unfortunate with a Niagara of American invective. He looked upon Joyce not as a scholar or man of letters, but as a human being, a companion with whom, when the daylight over the city had begun to fade, he would sometimes start to celebrate—celebrations that might continue until or after the dawning of another day. I had seldom if ever heard a worldly, hypercritical writer speak so warmly, so unbitingly, of an older and eminent man of the same profession. His stories began, as a rule, in Joyce's house. They would be sitting together, waiting, until a hush fell over the apartment. Joyce would then tiptoe to the door, open it an inch, peer through the aperture, tip Bob the wink, and together, like schoolboy conspirators, they would steal down the stairs. They would walk to the Café d'Harcourt, or to Fouquet's on the Champs Elysées, and there, at a marble-topped table, Joyce would order two bottles of his favourite Swiss wine, one for the table, the other for under his chair—in the hope that, should his wife suddenly appear, she would be less likely to take it away from him.



James Joyce (right) with Eugene Jolas, founder of the literary review *Transition*, published in Paris between 1927 and 1938, to which Joyce was a contributor

By courtesy of Gisèle Freund, Paris

How such evenings progressed, how long they lasted and how they ended, Bob himself has related in a racy, uproarious volume of reminiscences too little known—a book, indeed, not even honoured with publication in the United States.

Despite Bob's stories and his many suggestions that he would arrange a meeting with Joyce, I never encouraged the idea. A man will meet, I say, whom he deserves and is meant to meet; and those who have earned renown by hard labour I respect as I do the dead. Both, I believe, should be left in peace.

Thus I came to know Joyce only indirectly through Bob. It was Hilaire Hiler, one of Bob's closest friends, who, anxious to make some sketches of the writer's head, made fact of the fancy.

Visit to the Rue Galilée

At this time, the fall of that grim year 1934, Norah and James Joyce were living in a furnished apartment on the rue Galilée, a residential district a couple of blocks from the Etoile. In the metro from the Left Bank I remember feeling slightly nervous. The day was cold, sunless, the time the fearful hour of four. Hiler, however, that huge man—painter, pianist, teacher, writer, clown, whom Bob has described as 'rather like a handsome frog'—appeared even more distracted.

'Quelle horreur! Quelle idée!' he groaned, as we emerged from the metro. 'Whoever suggested it? James Augustine Aloysius Joyce, he won't want to have us around!'

'Hell, man', exclaimed Bob, 'come off it. You said you wanted to draw the old man's head. The idea's okay with him. So all you have to do is go ahead and draw.'

'And what', I asked, 'could Joyce have to say to me?'

'You'll make him think of Bloom', replied Bob with a grin. 'Oh, he'll get something out of you, don't worry. He'll quiz you...'

'I'm a very 'umble person', clowned Hiler, suddenly the image of Uriah Heep. 'All I ask is a 'umble drink!'

'Quiz me!' I exclaimed, 'what about?'

'Ireland, of course', replied Bob, leading the way into a *bistro*.

'It's he who knows Ireland', said I, 'not me'.

'Ah, shucks!' cried Bob, gulping his brandy. 'He's not been there in twenty years. He loves to hear of it'.

'I don't like the idea', moaned Hiler, ordering another *fine*. 'I don't like it at all. In fact', he added, placing his satchel of drawing materials on the bar, 'I think I'll stay right here. Maybe I'll come along when I've had a few and sobered up'.

'The hell you will!' cried Bob. 'Let's get outa here. You're acting like a coupla schoolkids about to be walloped!'

We paid and walked out into the street.

The Joyces' apartment, if I'm not mistaken, was on the fourth floor. At our ring a door opened slowly, and there he stood. At first glance he struck me as smaller, frailer, than I had imagined. Dressed in a peacock-blue velvet jacket and dark trousers, he held himself in the position of the blind—chin raised, head tilted slightly back.

I had heard it said of Joyce that he rarely used first names, addressing women almost always as Mrs. or Miss. Raised barely above a whisper, his voice—that tenor to which as a young man he considered devoting his life—sounded excessively tired, the voice of a sufferer in whose presence, as in hospitals, one feels instinctively all sounds should be muffled. His hand, too, suggested the hand of a recluse, an invalid—bony yet soft to the touch, conveying on the instant a marvellous gentleness. As it lay for a moment in one's own, the silken skin of the fingers softly closing, one forbore to do more than carefully close over them one's own.

In my mind's eye I can see but one book in that dim, depressing, impersonal sitting-room. (I remember wishing that we had brought a flower: must not his sense of smell be unusually acute? Then it occurred to me that maybe this very sense might explain the lack of flowers.) It was to the single book, which lay alone on a grand piano, that he—while Hiler and I seated ourselves on the sofa, and Bob on a chair—slowly, his hands out, fingering the furniture, soundlessly in slippers, made his way. The volume was large, of many pages, and clearly new, possibly unopened. Joyce leaned over it, touched it with his long fingers, lifted it as though it were beyond price, then laid it down.

'Is that the American edition?' asked Bob, getting up.

Joyce said nothing, simply turned and handed the book to his

friend with the faintest, barely perceptible, sign of a smile. He then sat down in a chair opposite the sofa, facing the light, so that Hiler, in his corner under the window, had a full view of his features. Now that they were clearly visible, these features resembled so much those of the drawings and photographs I had seen that I had the sensation of having known him—and better than by sight—for years. Only the brow seemed even higher than I had thought, the grey-black hair thicker, the expression of the face in repose more sad.

'A dreadful thing has happened, McAlmon', said Joyce, in that faraway, Anna Livia Plurabelle voice. 'I have to be fitted'. 'Fitted?'

'Norah insists that I have a new suit. Let us try not to think of it. But I warn you, it can happen—any minute'. He glanced towards the door, as though expecting to hear it burst open and the fitter spring into the room.

'McAlmon tells me, Stern', he suddenly said, 'that you were born in Ireland'.

Because the eyes behind the round, heavy, loose-lensed spectacles seemed to be directed at a spot a little above my head, it struck me only then that he could not see me. And with the shock came the piercing flash, like jet lightning, of the black world of the blind, the physical realization of what it must be like never to be able to behold the face we are addressing.

'Yes', I answered, 'I spent my youth in southern Ireland'. And I told him where.

He raised his head, as though chasing a memory, then repeated the name of the place.

'There's an abbey, is there not', he asked, 'a Cistercian monastery of that name?'

'There is', I replied, surprised. 'It's a ruin, of course—a couple of miles from where we lived'.

I was about to ask if he knew its history when he continued his questions: 'That's famous hunting country round there, is it not? Were your people hunting people?'

'They were', I told him.

'Did they go in for racing, too?'

'No', I said. 'But my brother does. He's a great race rider. Lives in County Cork'.

'Is that a fact?' Joyce remarked with sudden interest. 'In what condition would the Irish people be, do you think, without racing?'

'I don't like to think of it', I replied, and I began to feel at ease. 'In our part of the world they used to say that the British put an end to the Rebellion by threatening to ban racing throughout the country!'

'Ha!' exclaimed Joyce, almost loud, 'I never heard that one! Tell me, did y'ever know the Cremin family from round Fermoy way? Their son must be about your age'.

'I didn't', I replied. 'I've kept up with very few of the younger people in Ireland. My family left after the Troubles. It's the older people I know and remember best'.

'What about Sir Francis Becher now? He must have lived near your place?'

'Oh, he did', I said. 'My people knew him well'.

'Tell me of him', said Joyce eagerly, clasping his hands and smiling to himself. 'I never met him. Wasn't he a very gruff kind of a man?'

The Tyrannical Knight

I glanced at Bob, who urged me on with a wink. 'Oh, he was', I began. 'A regular tyrant at times. Big, six-foot three or four, he was bald and very fat. He ate enormously. Sometimes, after hunting, his wife used to ask us in to tea. Huge as he was, you could see little more than his head above the dining-room table. He didn't sit: he practically lay in his chair. Once, when there were some ten to fifteen guests at the table, an aunt of ours found herself sitting next to him. She made an effort at conversation, but he promptly closed his eyes. Being very hungry, she and most of the other guests readily accepted the suggestion of fried eggs. When the footman brought them in—six plates of them on a silver salver—Francis sniffed, opened his eyes. "Whatcha got there?" he howled at the footman. "Eggs, Sir Francis", answered the man. "Bring 'em heeah!" bawled Francis. Whereupon he sat up and devoured the lot'.

Since I am not, by nature, a story-teller, the silence that greeted this little anecdote made me turn hot with embarrassment. Then I noticed that Joyce, sunk in his chair, his hands up to his mouth, was shaking—with silent laughter.

'And what did Francis do then?' he inquired, recovering.

'He called for jam', I said. 'And when the footman brought two pots of jam, Francis howled that when he demanded jam he meant not two bloody pots but twelve bloody pots. So the footman brought twelve pots!'

'Ha!' laughed Joyce, 'a terror of a man! Didn't he write a book one time on how to shoot big game?'

'I didn't hear of him ever writing a book', I replied. 'But on shooting he might have—for though he was cross-eyed or had a wall eye, I forget which, he was a great man with a gun. I remember watching him once when he didn't know it. It was one winter during the Troubles, when all firearms were strictly forbidden. From our house a narrow path ran under great beech trees high above the river. By January the farther bank was always under water and waist-high in rushes. I was wandering along this path one soft afternoon when all of a sudden my eye was caught by something moving on the opposite shore. I saw a kind of mound of rushes rising slowly from the ground. It had risen as high as a man when it stopped, began to keel over. Just as I thought it would fall, from out of the middle of it sprang an object, black, long, thin, and—bang!—a shot, then another, shattered the silence. Before the echoes and reverberations had died away, I heard the splash of a bird hurtling into the water, a thud as another fell on land, then a howl of fury as I saw the cloak of rushes collapse—and there stood Francis, in shirt and breeches, his gun raised above his bald white head, bellowing a stream of curses at his dog.'

'That's grand!' exclaimed Joyce, clasping his hands in a soundless clap. 'What were they—duck?'

When I told him yes: 'Go on, man', he urged, 'tell us more! Wasn't he very fond of cricket?' (he pronounced it 'crickut').

'He was', I confirmed, 'he even played it in the house'.

'Ha?'

'On the billiard table. After dinner he would order all the guests, men and women, into the billiard room. They were obliged to play whether they wanted to or not'.

Suddenly the door opened. A woman stood there—tall, grey-haired, dignified. She greeted Bob. Then: 'Come on, Jim', she said. 'He's here'.

Joyce let out a groan. Then he looked up in my direction. 'But what did they play with?' he asked.

'Matches', I told him. 'Three Swan Vestas made a wicket, and the ball, I believe, was a piece of cork, cut round and very small'.

'Jim', called Norah Joyce, 'did ye hear what I'm after sayin'? The tailor's here. Another week, an' ye'll not be fit for the street!'

Groaning, Joyce rose slowly from his chair. 'And what about the bat?' he asked.

'Oh, the bat...' I began.

But Norah had had enough. 'Ah, come on outa that!' she urged, and with his hand in hers she drew him, shuffling, from the room.

In his absence we thumbed through the American edition of *Ulysses* (Joyce pronounced the word 'Oulyssays') and looked at Hiler's sketches—lovely, simple things done in a few light pencilled lines. These drawings, on his return, Joyce—with the charm, the modesty, the deference of another century—asked if he might be allowed to see. Sitting in his chair he raised the paper closer, closer to his face, till it finally touched his nose. He moved the sketch now up, now down, at the same time adjusting the loose lenses of his spectacles as he tried with his one seeing eye to trace the line. At last he surrendered. 'I'm not able', he almost whispered, laying it down. 'The line's too thin'.

Quickly Hiler produced a stick of charcoal and, with a few swift strokes, thickly blackened the outline of another sketch. Again Joyce raised the paper to his eye. Then he licked the tip of a finger and, by smudging the thick lines thicker, traced the features of his face on the paper.

He was still absorbed in this task when the door opened again and Norah announced it was 'time'—for what, I cannot recall. For an instant Joyce seemed to pretend not to hear. Then he slowly raised his head towards her, and, as his thin lips parted in what might have been wonder, annoyance, anxiety—or a combination of all three—I remember how his whole attitude struck me as that of a child.—*Third Programme*

The City as both Heaven and Hell

A conversation between GRAEME SHANKLAND and LEWIS MUMFORD

Graeme Shankland: Lewis Mumford and Le Corbusier have been the two greatest influences on our ideas about towns and cities over the past three decades. While Le Corbusier has conveyed his ideas by designing towns and buildings and by his sketches and polemical writing, Mumford has relied entirely on words.

What baffles some people who read Mumford is that sometimes he seems to see new techniques as a socially and aesthetically liberating force and at others he condemns them. His general attitude is in fact consistent. He is not against technical advance, but against the misuse of technical development, when it is out of social control, blindly following the most immediately profitable economic forces or the behest of powerful sectional interests. Mumford has campaigned all his life against what he calls the overgrowth of the giant city and its monopoly of the culture and resources of society. Yet the world has more big cities than ever before and the largest spread their influence still further. His answer is that we must plan to decentralize political and economic power and to disperse the congested giant city over a new kind of metropolitan region.

I started by asking Mumford to comment as an architectural critic on the United Nations group of buildings and on the Lever building, the first glass tower office building of architectural importance in post-war New York.

Lewis Mumford: The interesting thing is that these are two

buildings that are superficially similar: they are steel skeleton buildings with a great deal of glass in both. One of them, the Secretariat, is more than an office building, it is also a symbol of the United Nations; and as a symbol it is a bad one for many reasons, but chiefly because it represents, as the most important element on the site, the offices of the bureaucracy. From the standpoint of an adequately symbolic architecture it is the Assembly building that should have been stressed and not the office building; the office building should have been subordinated to the rest and a great show should have been made of the Assembly building, which is really the central building of the site.

The Lever building is different. Here a business organization, for the sake of advertising its product, which is soap, legitimately used a glass wall as something that needed to be cleaned and made something of a dramatic show of the very apparatus; it goes up and down the façade to clean it. That is a legitimate form of advertising but it was also a modest business building in that they did not use the entire site and did not attempt to go as high as possible in the air; they actually gave a large amount of space back to the city which they occupied, and gave themselves, therefore, more light. From the standpoint of the convenience of the people at work in the building it is an admirable structure as compared with the United Nations building where the secretaries, the people who do the rough and hard work of the bureaucracy, occupy inner rooms which are not air-condi-

tioned, whereas only the people in the higher echelons occupy the outside rooms.

Shankland: How is that difficulty overcome in the Lever building? Is it not the same situation there?

Mumford: No, because on many floors there is no differentiation between the higher offices and the secretaries'; they have equally good quarters which are completely air-conditioned to begin with; they have the same amount of light, the same kind of air. And the people in the organization told me that they regretted now that they gave as many private quarters to their higher offices as they actually did. Also the Lever is a shallow building and that is a great advantage.

Shankland: Shallower than the Secretariat?

Mumford: The effective quarters are shallower.

Shankland: I think you have also criticized the Secretariat because it is fundamentally a vertical building, whereas a building the main purpose of which is to encourage negotiation and contact is more helped by a horizontal form of building?

Mumford: One needs an opportunity for people of all ranks to mix and intermingle as they too rarely do in the present circumstances. When they were out at Lake Success, people encountered each other all the time because the building was horizontally organized.

Shankland: Take another, I suppose the most famous building of all the new ones in New York: the Seagram building. Do you like that or not, and if so, why?

Mumford: As a piece of sculpture the Seagram is extremely interesting and one might say that Mies van der Rohe has turned to abstract sculpture and has lost his essential architectural interest with which he began. The architect, as a man, does more than design a fabric to be looked at; it is a fabric to be used. He has to interpret the needs of the people in the building. He interpreted one need magnificently: the need for advertisement. It is a building that people look at and talk about and therefore it has had an immense impact. It also contrasts with the buildings round it because no expense was spared; it is an extremely extravagant building. An enormous funnel of unoccupied space goes from top to bottom of it in order to provide mere wind bracing for the rest of it. Essentially this is not architecture; it is a kind of elaborate sculpture or at its worst scene painting. And though it is an elegant structure it is not really a solution that is of much value to anybody else in building that kind of building.

Shankland: You have also criticized Mies as being an inhuman character who imposes his will on the client in his houses and flats, as well as his office buildings. I know he would object to that strongly. He would say that his glass-clad buildings bring man in contact with nature, and are liberating things. And the fact that he does not have a rigid floor plan allows people to plan their dwellings in his apartments as they wish. So he would not accept the fact that he was imposing an architectural or sculptural—as you put it—concept on the client at all. But you still stick to your criticism?

Mumford: I still stick to my criticism because I think that man's contact with nature is only one of the factors that has to be considered in the design of a building. Man's ability to live

with himself is important. There are times when one wants to be very close to nature, whether it is the trees outside one's house or the sky that one might be able to see from the Seagram building. There are other moments when one wants to be withdrawn; when one wants to be shielded from the impact of nature; when one wants the closest sort of social or internal life. Therefore I regard Mies's solution as based upon an imperfect and abstract reading of human nature. We have a greater variety of wants than he allows for in his architectural conception.

Shankland: I get the impression from what you have written elsewhere that you are against tall buildings in a rather general kind of way. Is your objection to them a social or an aesthetic one, or both?

Mumford: Neither. I have no abstract objection to a tall building. If you have a tall building it must justify itself by serv-

ing some particular use that can only be served by a vertical organization. It is conceivable to me that this may be one of the best ways of organizing a hospital. Therefore an individual hospital could well be planned in that fashion with a minimum amount of going back and forth except by means of the elevator. But the tall building in my country, and in yours too now, is a way of increasing land values; of making an enormously profitable investment at the cost of the city itself. Therefore I regard the tall building, when it is not under control and when it has no rational justification, as a menace to the proper development of the city.

Shankland: In your

most recent book there is so much attack on the big city that one wonders whether you really believe the city has a future at all. What are the forces which justify urban concentration? What are the really important things in life, as we can foresee it in the next twenty or more years, which still need people being concentrated in one form or another?

Mumford: First I think we have to distinguish between the necessity for urban life and the over-concentration that has taken place in our big cities, like London and New York, Chicago and Paris, by the desire on the part of those who created the big city to monopolize the resources of civilization. Giantism is usually in the organic world a sign of some abnormality. And I think one can say the same thing of the overgrowth of the great city; it is the sign of an over-concentration of political and economic power. And we have both those things today. The problem of the city is the problem of de-centralizing and de-fusing some of this power and making it responsive to the forces that lie outside the city and giving an opportunity for the various components of a great urban region to be able to demand something from the city as well as to take what the city hands out to them.

Shankland: Do you think it is possible for the number of cultural and economic functions now concentrated in a city like London to be spread over a much wider network to an extent which would really alter in the space of twenty years the complete pattern of London itself? Is that feasible? Is it a practical suggestion or is it rather misleading?

Mumford: I think it is a practical suggestion. What is utterly impractical is to keep on with the concentration which is now going on in our big cities. The essential function of the city



The headquarters of the United Nations in New York: the tall Secretariat building on the left and the General Assembly building to the right

is bringing people together, to make communication and spiritual and emotional communion possible between large groups of people so that all the varieties of human character and human talent shall have an opportunity to affect one another and to create a much richer cultural environment. That once necessitated people living within a very close area and putting up with a great deal of congestion, in some cases an intolerable amount. It is because the means of communication have radically altered, particularly within the last generation, that the big city as a place of physical congregation has become an obsolete form, partly through the fact that we have instantaneous communication which brings people in the farthest parts of the earth within the range of our communicating systems, partly because we have systems of multiplying and manifold—the typewriter, the teleprinter, and a hundred other devices—so that we need no longer be on top of each other. We must now conceive of the essential elements of the city being available over a much wider area. None of the original services, none of the great cultural attributes of the city, will be lost because of this. On the contrary they will be performed under much better conditions than we are able to perform them now in our overcrowded centres.

Shankland: You have advocated garden cities on the one hand (which I would interpret as having a population of 60,000 to 100,000) while on the other you have attacked the metropolis (which means presumably a city of something upwards of 1,000,000). Do you think that there is no place in the world for cities of 1,000,000 size? Or how do they fit into this regional feature which you have sketched for us?

Mumford: One must think now of a new pattern of the city; of a city that is no longer a close congested physical organization. The city is essentially a cultural and social organization; it can occupy a space much greater than that of any existing urban area. But the components of that city, the visible components, will be of the order of 60,000 or 100,000, perhaps a little more, perhaps a little less. One does not have to lay down any dogmas about the absolute size of a city because we do not know yet. We can only find out by experiment. No city is self-contained; therefore our problem is that of organizing the smaller units into larger units which will have all the resources of the city of 5,000,000 population. I believe that there are certain things in our civilization that need a basic population of 5,000,000 or 10,000,000 people. You cannot have a university unless you have a base of, at least, 1,000,000 people. You cannot have a cancer hospital or any kind of specialized hospital without a base of, perhaps, 5,000,000



The Seagram building, designed by Mies van der Rohe, New York City
Architectural Review

people. But they do not all have to live within the same contiguous built-up area.

Shankland: Are you suggesting a sort of metropolitan regional Los Angeles?

Mumford: No, Los Angeles is just the opposite of the kind of city I would advocate, because there is no form whatever in Los Angeles; it continues to spread indefinitely over the landscape—just as the outer belt of London is beginning to spread over the landscape. People are becoming more and more disorganized, less and less concentrated; and they are enjoying less and less the advantages of a concentrated population. I am in favour of inventing the form of political government and the kind of urban structure which will favour a much richer city life than we are now able to have.

Shankland: Is there a metropolitan region anywhere in the world in which you can point to fundamentally a healthy relationship of the various functions needed—including those you have been describing—which gives the benefit, shall we say, of concentration, without feeling the disadvantages of it?

Mumford: It does not yet exist because the institutions that favour the growth of the city now favour also the domination of the city and the subordination of the smaller communities to the central area. Therefore anything like a regional grouping, in which each of the components has something like the same kind of substantial equality as is necessary with the other units, and in which each one of them can draw upon



Cumbernauld New Town (near Glasgow) from the air

(continued on page 470)

ELECTRICITY

Another successful year and a tremendous growth in demand

Sales of Electricity and the Financial Surplus

The actual figure of surplus was £16.3 million, some £10 million less than the year before, due mainly to higher costs. Another reason was a fall of about 2 per cent in the average price per unit; this was because, through the operation of two-part or block tariffs, the average price to most consumers falls as their consumption rises.

Sales of electricity were more than 12 per cent up on the previous year—greater than had been foreseen—but all demands had been met in full. However, this unexpectedly large growth in demand needed to be given special consideration when the industry was making its annual review of new construction programmes.

The Chairman went on to say that the trend in sales promised well for the nation. The use of more electricity meant greater productivity in industry, agriculture and commerce, and a higher standard of living generally. But the country should understand that a very heavy programme of capital expansion would be needed to keep up with the demand. This called for investment on an increasing scale.

How Much Capital?

Sir Robertson referred to the long-term capital

development plans drawn up by the industry each year and kept under constant review. In 1958 it had become necessary to obtain increased borrowing powers. The plans at that time showed that £2,130 million of capital expenditure would be needed (at 1958 price levels) over the seven years to March, 1965. With regard to borrowings up to the end of that period, Parliament raised the ceiling of the industry's borrowing powers from £1,400 million to £1,800 million or whatever higher figure, up to a limit of £2,300 million, might be allowed by the Minister of Power with the approval of the House of Commons. At the end of March, 1961 the total borrowed stood at £1,624 million. The Electricity Council would soon be seeking permission therefore to proceed to the next stage of borrowing.

Self-Financing

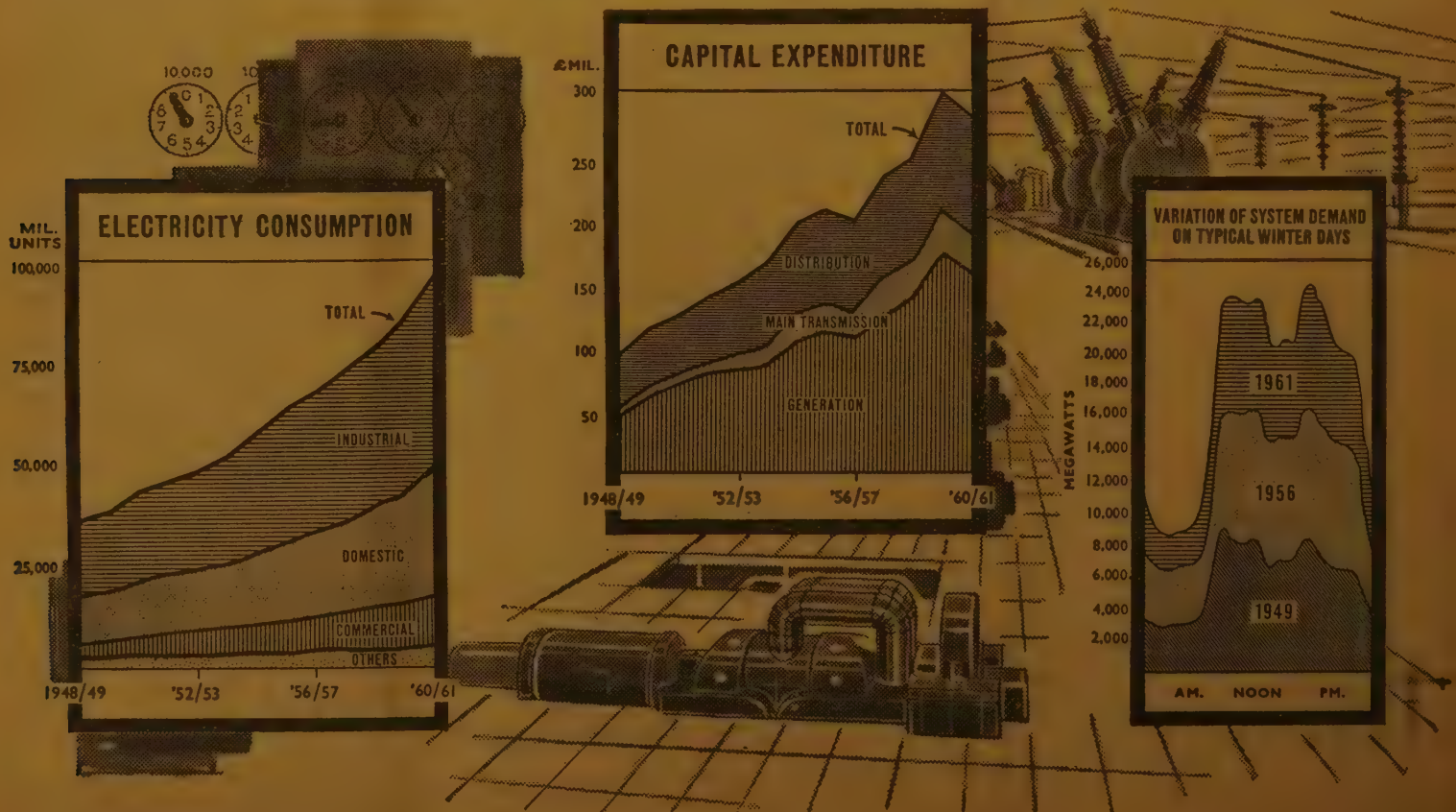
So much for borrowing. The next question was; how much should the consumer contribute? When the seven-year programme was prepared in 1958 it was envisaged that depreciation provisions, surpluses and other internal resources would provide about 48 per cent of the total capital required. This proportion seemed to strike a reasonable balance between the consumers' interest and the need to limit borrowing.

Sir Robertson drew attention to the following table showing how closely actual results had compared with estimates over the first three years of the seven-year programme.

Capital Requirements	1958-59 to 1960-61	
	Estimated in 1958	Actual
Generating Board	m. 584	m. 594
Twelve Area Boards	263	279
Working capital variation	3	(-) 29
	850	844
Financed from		
Depreciation provisions, surpluses and other internal resources	380 (44.8%)	385 (45.6%)
Net borrowing	£470 m.	£459 m.

More Power—More Plant

However, it was now very clear that the rise in electricity consumption could not be satisfied without acceleration of plant construction programmes. It was expected that the industry would have to face a maximum demand of over 33,000 MW in the winter of 1964-65—more than 12 per cent above the forecast made in 1958—and the most recent estimates suggested that subsequently, in the two years to 1966-67, it would rise by a further 5,000 MW.



The Annual Report of the Electricity Council was presented in London on Sept 26th by the Chairman, Sir Robertson King, K.B.E.

Sir Robertson said that the financial year ended 31st March, 1961, had at least two features of some significance. The electricity supply industry had as usual shown a surplus after payment of all interest charges; and the increase in sales of electricity was the highest for ten years.



SIR ROBERTSON KING, K.B.E.

In order to meet the necessary programme of power stations (conventional and nuclear), transmission lines and distribution systems, the estimates made in 1958 would have to be increased by some £200 million to cover the period to the end of 1964-65, and the continued rise in maximum demand would call for an outlay in excess of £400 million a year on fixed assets in the succeeding two years.

Sir Robertson pointed out that to reach the degree of self-financing involved, increasing surpluses were needed year by year, these surpluses, together with provisions for depreciation, being the main source of finance from internal resources. For this reason, and to cover increased costs of over £20 million per annum from wage and salary increases and a rise in coal prices, the Boards had been obliged to announce increases in most of their tariffs. Even so, these new tariffs had not taken into account cost increases of approximately £10 million per annum, arising from changes in the tax on fuel oil in the Finance Act, 1961.

Planned Surpluses

If cost increases, as they occurred, were not balanced by new revenues or even greater economies, more money had to be borrowed. The self-financing programme depended on achieving planned surpluses.

The term "surplus" did not imply something over and above the needs of the industry. It was a contribution from revenue to capital development.

The additional capital requirement of £200 million above the forecasts to 1964-65 and the heavy programme foreseen for subsequent years called for a full financial review, which was taking place in the setting of the Government's White Paper on the Financial and Economic Obligations of the Nationalised Industries. As a result financial objectives for the Boards would be determined for a period of five years, subject to review annually, within a framework settled with the Minister of Power. For the industry as a whole this would call for increased annual surpluses during the period. These higher surpluses would be essential if the industry were to achieve a financial performance in accordance with the requirements of the Government's White Paper and if it were to find the capital resources it needed, while keeping its borrowings within manageable limits.

Increased Prices not Automatic

The Chairman explained that the electricity supply industry did not think in terms of automatic increases in prices to cover increases in costs. There was ample evidence of this. Over the last ten years or so, power station fuels had risen 60 per cent in price; the cost of mechanical and electrical engineering materials had risen by 60 per cent and 40 per cent respectively; building and civil engineering costs had increased by more than 35 per cent and the interest rate on borrowed

capital had nearly doubled. Against these increases, the industry had brought to bear considerable advances in technology, in the use of manpower and management techniques. As a result, the average price per unit of electricity sold to consumers as a whole in 1960-61 was kept down to 1.480d. as against 1.188d. ten years ago, an increase of no more than 25 per cent. It could be demonstrated that in relation to the overall level of retail prices electricity was actually 16 per cent cheaper. The Council considered it part of their duty to make known at every level in the industry how large a proportion of the nation's capital was going into electricity supply and the importance of ensuring that the most economic ways of deploying it were found.

Most Effective Use of Capital

The capacity of the supply industry was more fully used than most capital assets in British industry. Power station plant installed during the last ten years or so had worked on a year-round average of 100 hours per week. In addition there were special projects designed to ease the problem of meeting the daily peak loads. For example, the 300 MW pumped storage scheme at Blaenau Ffestiniog would enable electricity to be generated at peak hours by means of water previously pumped up to a high level reservoir by the most economical stations in off-peak hours. And again, the cross-Channel link with Electricité de France would be coming into commission soon. Because of the differences in the incidence of peak demand in the two countries, 160 MW of load could be transferred in either direction, with savings to both parties.

These were on the production side. So far as the

customer was concerned the Area Boards were active in promoting those uses of electricity, such as refrigeration and water heating, which helped to create a balanced load. Even more important, they encouraged the wider use of storage heating and new industrial techniques with loads occurring in off-peak periods, or which permitted load reduction at peak times. Following the introduction of special terms for supplies made available during specified off-peak periods there had been a spectacular increase in the number of off-peak units sold.

Constant Search for Consumer Benefits

Sir Robertson King, who retires from the chairmanship of the Electricity Council on 31st December next, said that he could talk at length about other major achievements of the industry. Such features as: the completion of a rural electrification programme by which supply had been brought to 85 per cent of all farms in England and Wales; the continuing improvement in the thermal efficiency of power stations; and the increasing output of the industry as related to the number of employees. He could also refer to some of the major problems facing the industry. In particular, the difficulty of achieving a reasonable balance between the development of an economical supply system and the effect of such development has on the beauty of the countryside and other amenities. The industry was facing up to these and other problems and the striking growth of the research programmes, now running at over £2½ million a year on revenue account, testified to the constant search for new, improved and cheaper ways to serve the electricity consumer.

TRADING RESULTS

	£ million	
	1960-61	1959-60
Gross income from all trading activities	665	615
Operating and other costs (excluding depreciation)	465	425
	200	190
Depreciation	104	93
Interest and financial charges, etc.	80	184
	70	163
Net surplus—used to finance capital requirements	16	27

FINANCIAL POSITION AT YEAR END

	£ million	
	1960-61	1959-60
Fixed assets at cost less depreciation and other capital provisions	3,209	2,929
Current assets less current liabilities	1,104	1,004
	2,105	1,925
Net assets	14	22
	2,119	1,947
Financed as follows:		
External borrowings	1,949	1,793
Reserves (other than depreciation)	170	154
	2,119	1,947

THE ELECTRICITY COUNCIL

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

September 20-26

Wednesday, September 20

A provisional cease-fire is signed at Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, between President Tshombe of Katanga and Mr. Khiari of the United Nations

The U.S. and Russia submit to the United Nations a joint statement of agreed principles for talks on disarmament

Thursday, September 21

Parliament is to be recalled on October 17 (a week earlier than arranged) to debate foreign affairs

Mr. Dean Rusk, U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, meet in New York to discuss possibility of negotiations over Berlin

Friday, September 22

Mr. Khrushchev, replying to recent appeal from 'uncommitted' countries, says he is prepared to take part in any genuine talks to solve world problems

Mr. Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal, repudiates as 'scandalous' suggestions that Britain was in any way responsible for the death of Mr. Hammarskjöld

Saturday, September 23

General McKeown, U.N. Commander in the Congo, announces that fourteen jet fighters are to provide air cover for United Nations supplies going to Katanga

The National Union of Teachers decides to bring forward its planned one-day national strike from October 24 to 23 in view of the early recall of Parliament

Sunday, September 24

East Germans carry out evacuation of hundreds of houses along border of Western sector of Berlin in an attempt to prevent further escapes to the West

Mr. Sumner Welles, U.S. Secretary of State from 1937 to 1943, dies aged sixty-eight

Monday, September 25

In a speech to U.N., President Kennedy appeals for 'a truce to terror' and puts forward new proposals for disarmament

Lord Home, British Foreign Secretary, meets Mr. Gromyko in New York

General H. T. Alexander, British Chief of Ghana's Defence Staff, is dismissed and replaced by a Ghanaian

Tuesday, September 26

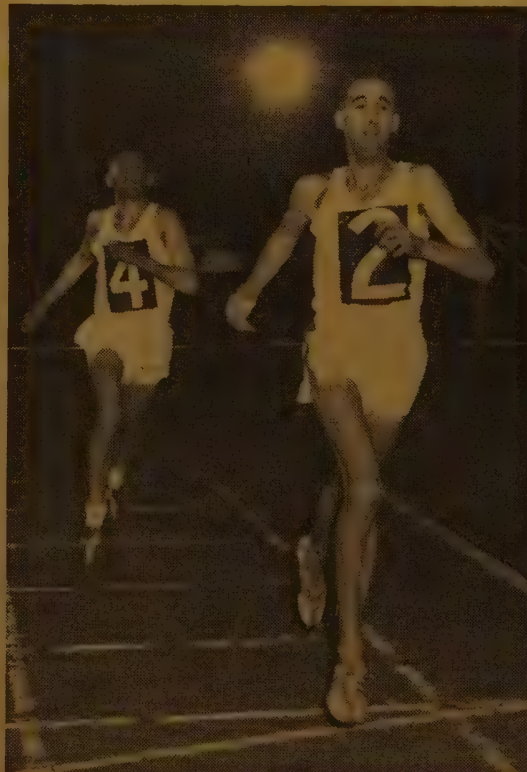
In a speech to U.N., Mr. Gromyko promises all possible guarantees for Berlin, but not until a treaty with East Germany is signed

Ministerial Council of the Common Market welcomes in principle Britain's application to join. Mr. Duncan Sandys says Britain will not join unless her vital Commonwealth interests can be protected

National Gallery offers a reward of £5,000 for the recovery of the missing Goya



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving at Westminster Hall for the opening of the seventh Commonwealth Parliamentary conference on September 25. Her Majesty is being greeted by Alhaji Isa Kaita, Northern Nigerian Minister of Education



Gordon Pirie winning the 5,000 metres race in the athletics match between Britain and Russia at White City last week. This was Pirie's last race of his amateur career. The Russians won the men's match by 122 points to 102, and the women's by 75 to 43



A restorer at work in Marlborough House, London, Malplaquet. Built in 1710 by Sir Christopher Wren the house is being converted into



Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld's coffin lying in St. Andrew's church, Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, on September 20. His funeral takes place in Uppsala, Sweden, on September 29



Laguerra representing the battle of... the first Duke of Marlborough, the... the centre



Mr. Kennedy shaking hands with Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, after the American President had addressed the United Nations Assembly on September 25. In the centre is Mrs. Kennedy, and on the extreme right Mr. Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations



Right: the deserted Sacred Heart Roman Catholic secondary school at Camberwell, one of more than 1,000 schools closed because of a one-day strike organized by the National Association of Schoolmasters on September 20



The Liberal Party Assembly: Mr. Edwin Malindine, the newly elected President (centre, right), receiving the book of signatures from his predecessor, Sir Andrew Murray, on September 21, the opening day of the conference in the Usher Hall, Edinburgh. On the right is Mr. J. Grimond, leader of the Liberal Party

(continued from page 465)

the whole, has not yet been invented. The idea was invented a long time ago by Ebenezer Howard in the most neglected chapter of his book on the garden city—that on social cities—in which he pointed out that ten cities of 30,000 population would have all the advantages, if they were properly unified and organized, of one city of 300,000. That applies equally to 3,000,000 people. But we have not yet gone far enough in our political and economic thinking to effect this reorganization.

Shankland: You would not even say that Holland is an example? The point has been put to me, you see, that Holland, instead of having one large metropolis, has Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and The Hague, each with a different economic function, and to some extent the functions of the big city split between them.

Mumford: Holland is perhaps the nearest approach to the sort of thing I am thinking about. The biggest city has 700,000 population, and that is perhaps more than is necessary to support the cultural activities of Amsterdam, but you have got a unified grouping of both the rural and the urban aspects of life and you also have something that no other country in Europe has to the same extent: a complete transportation system. The pedestrian way, the bicycle way, the canal, the railway, the helicopter, have all been unified into a single transportation system which serves every aspect of life. The other countries of Europe, including Britain itself, are fast becoming the victims of mono-transportation with an over-production of automobiles and a decay in the inner quarters of the city due to the invasion of the automobile in places where it does not belong.

Shankland: But I was surprised that you have got the same thing in Denmark. That seemed to argue against your thesis because although Copenhagen is a big city—1,000,000-plus now—none the less there is an active provincial life much greater than one would think from the actual demographic facts: the fact that the great majority of Danes live in Copenhagen.

Mumford: But the same sort of regional differentiation is even true in France, the most centralized of all the states of Europe. Nevertheless there is a strong regional tradition which anybody observes merely by eating the foods of the different parts of the country, to say nothing of having contact with her inhabitants. We can build on this tradition or we can despise it. I think that is equally true of England: the pride of Lancashire can be invoked against the pride of London; and there is good reason for doing so.

Garden Cities and Regionalism

Shankland: You argued this cogently in *The Culture of Cities* in 1938, as you also argued the case for garden cities. So far as Britain is concerned, would it not be fair to say that whereas your garden cities idea has taken on, as reflected in our new towns programme here, your ideas about regionalism, as you have been discussing them, have not?

Mumford: I think it is a perfectly fair summing up, but we must not forget that there has been a serious break in continuity as a result of a long and disastrous war. It is also due to the fact that the regional problem is a much more difficult problem than the problem of building an isolated city. Regional rehabilitation

really demands a more fundamental change in our whole culture which will affect our economic and social life and not merely the superficial aspects of it. And one does not expect such a change to be effected within a single generation. After all, the garden city idea has been in existence for over fifty years and is only just coming to the beginnings of a fruition.

Shankland: You talk about fundamental changes in culture being needed. What is it that is holding us back?

Mumford: The thing that is principally holding back the development of balanced and organic communities is the fact that a few profitable forms of industry have exerted an undue influence upon the development of our whole life: the dynamism of business enterprise today diverts energy and diverts talent from the main business of life to the most profitable functions. Until we restore the initiative to the commonwealth, and let it lay down the conditions on which our various interests will flourish, I think it will be impossible to make any serious change in either a housing or a city building programme.

Shankland: Are you saying that we need, therefore, a much stronger measure of social control and public ownership in the main positions of power in the state in order to effect regionalism?

Mumford: Yes, because I would say that would be equally true in the improvement of industry. The things that we are doing now are not necessarily for the permanent benefit even of industry. Industry and capital are rather short-sighted in their assumptions and therefore do not look 100 years ahead as one has to if one wants to plan adequately.

More Direction for Industry?

Shankland: Does this not mean that we have not yet got the direction over industry, and over employment generally, which is necessary to lay down the main economic framework of regional planning?

Mumford: There is no doubt that we need an internal colonization policy which we have not arrived at yet. We cannot allow the population just to heap up automatically in the places that seem to offer the greatest economic advantage though they do not necessarily do so in the long run. If we allow things to go on that way a few big cities will continue to absorb the population because they have absorbed it in the past.

Shankland: You think that it is the anti-social forces which are forcing us this way, not the technical ones?

Mumford: It is both. The motor-car is pushing people into cities and at the same time making the cities so uninhabitable that it is pushing them even further outside; the jet plane, because it is of no use for the most part at short distances, is again increasing the attractive force of the great metropolises in overlooking, just by-passing, by its very swiftness, the smaller centres. Indeed the motor-car itself has a contradictory mission. On the one hand, it is creating more congestion. On the other hand, if it were properly used it would be one of the most effective ways of decentralizing the population and putting it in the areas most favourable for human habitation. In low density areas the motor-car is immensely valuable and in high density areas it is a nuisance.

Shankland: But it seems to me you are against high density areas anyway?

Mumford: I would say a residential density of over 130 per acre is a high density and a great many projects are in terms of 200 people per acre. In my country it is 300, sometimes 400, people per acre. That is what I call high density. And I do not think we could ever catch up with the need for playgrounds and parks and social spaces if all the parts of our cities were developed at that high density. That seems to me to be a folly. But on the other hand anything between forty-eight people and 130 people to an acre, depending upon the distribution of the population and their own social needs, seems to me a tolerable city density.

Shankland: It is a good deal lower than those which large areas of most of the big cities of Europe are at the moment using for their development plans.

Escape to the Country Cottage

Mumford: But that is why people want to escape from the big cities into the open country, where they can have a little cottage at the lowest possible density in the midst of open spaces.

Shankland: In Scandinavia, in Stockholm particularly, what they call double living is now becoming almost the norm, where you do in fact have a country cottage for two months in the summer in addition to a flat in town. It is possible there; their cities are only 1,000,000 in size and they are accessible. But is there anything wrong with this idea of a country home and a flat as an alternative to one home serving all purposes?

Mumford: It is in some ways the most favourable pattern of life. I have enjoyed it myself over a large period of my life and I would not hesitate to recommend it except that it has certain disadvantages: the things you want in your country home are always in the city and vice versa. But there is another even greater objection to this double domicile and that is there really is not enough space if the entire population were to adopt this habit of life. There would not be enough space to enjoy either the city or the country. We really have to make the city so good to live in that you will not feel it desperately necessary to escape every week-end. The resources of a pleasant environment and a little space to move round should be much closer at hand than they are now.

Shankland: One of the ideas which you have stressed in all your writings about towns is the idea of the neighbourhood unit. This has been a source of some controversy in England during the last five years or so. We have built a series of new towns using the neighbourhood unit concept which is now very much under question. Personally, as a town planner, I question it myself. It seems to me to be initially a valuable idea in the sense that it was necessary to have a concept which was an improvement on by-law planning of housing estates, which was what we had before that. That there should be some local social functioning in residential areas seemed to be behind the idea; it was a step forward. But it quickly became a formula: the idea that a neighbourhood centre was a sort of rag-bag where you put all the social functions if you could not find anywhere else to put them, apart from the houses themselves. And it became indeed a kind of excuse for thinking in

far more concrete and detailed terms about what really are the important social functions that go on in a town. In particular it led to the neglect of the town centre in our new towns, which created early in the period of their building strong neighbourhood shopping centres that have in fact operated, I would suggest, at the expense of the development of a town centre, which is always difficult to achieve in a town of 60,000 to 70,000.

Mumford: My own criticism of the neighbourhood unit would be of a somewhat different nature. In the lay-out of the towns, partly on account of your by-laws, partly on account of a rather rigid adherence to the standard of from twelve to fourteen houses per acre, partly and perhaps mainly because you have put such an enormous amount of land into playing-fields and school grounds and neighbourhood boundary parks, the neighbourhoods in a new town are not built on a pedestrian scale. The essence of the neighbourhood is that people should be able to mingle easily within their local area and have easily accessible the things they need in the way of markets for everyday use. You should go to the town centre for the more occasional needs. The visit to a physician or to a dentist might take you to the town centre. On the other hand, there are other functions, such as that of a maternity home or a nursing centre, which should be in the neighbourhood and have not yet been placed there. There is a natural differentiation of functions between those appropriate to the neighbourhood, those appropriate to the town, and those appropriate to the larger regional centre. By paying attention to this natural distribution we shall get a much more lively kind of town than we have had up to now.

My main criticism of the development of the neighbourhood units is that the planners have not asked themselves how to make life interesting and practical for a young mother with a child to look after, and they have not asked themselves how to make it easy and attractive to go to market with the child in the pram and meet other mothers and in general get through a day without a sense of being harassed.

Help from the Social Scientists

Shankland: The people who, finally, have to make the decisions in the sense of committing plans to paper are, of course, people like architects and engineers and planners trained in those spheres. But the criticisms you have been making are criticisms of a certain failure of the understanding and imagination to see how buildings and spaces and towns are, in fact, used. It seems to me that this is where architects need help from the social scientists, who after all should be more expert on human behaviour than architects or engineers are expected to be. In point of fact we are getting little from the social scientists. So far there has been very little study of new communities in which new ideas have been tried out for the first time. Academic sociology is to blame for this; it has not on the whole been interested in urban problems.

Mumford: What we need is more human willingness to participate in the situation and to interpret it. Perhaps the only use my own thinking has performed in this is not to discredit scientific thinking and not to discredit the architect, but just to remind people of the fact that it is ultimately the person whose foot has to be fitted with the shoe who knows whether

it pinches or not. A little patience and a little interest in other people's lives will get us much further than an enormous mass of sociological investigation which might be of an indifferent character when it was all neatly put together.

Shankland: Do you think that a new programme for new towns is necessary, and if so what sort of sizes are you thinking of? Is there anything to be said for having some larger ones? Certain new ideas—and the Cumbernauld plan is a good example—are now current. Are these helpful or reactionary ideas?

New Towns without End

Mumford: First of all, you will not be able to solve the problem of rebuilding the old cities until you have created an immensely larger number of new towns. Therefore you do need new towns and there will be no end to the new towns you need if the population continues to increase: whether they should be of a smaller range of sizes, from 30,000 to 100,000, or larger. I would say that you have enough large towns already. The problem of the larger towns above 100,000 population is to build into them by extensive, most extensive, rebuilding and renewals some of the positive virtues that have been achieved in the new towns. For a beginning I should say the best approach is to take a small town and enlarge it step by step until it becomes a balanced community of a larger area and a larger population which in turn will have to be related to other such communities in a new kind of regional pattern.

Cumbernauld is interesting because it tries to break away from two phases of the original new town; it attempts to get away from the notion of the neighbourhood unit by not having differentiated neighbourhood units and by not having any spatial separation between the neighbourhood units—as in so many of the new towns. I do not think it is able to abolish the neighbourhood; the neighbourhood will still reappear in Cumbernauld. On the other hand, they have made a radical and valuable departure in two directions. First of all, Cumbernauld is based on the pedestrian scale; every part of it, even the town centre, is within walking distance, half a mile or so, of the furthest residential neighbourhood. This I regard as extremely desirable and worth a certain amount of sacrifice of the large garden space that the other new towns provide. Secondly, because they have the walking distance as a measure, the playing fields are placed on the outskirts of the town and become part of the green belt—this is the proper use of both the green belt and the playing field itself. The playing field is not used twenty-four hours a day, and therefore it should not occupy valuable space in the heart of a town.

As for the town centre itself, it is a complicated one in Cumbernauld and involves the introduction of the motor-car in sub-surface fashion with the parking of the cars below the ground. This is maybe too costly for a town as small as Cumbernauld will be. And it seems to me that there is an alternative which may have to be tried, if not in Cumbernauld then somewhere else—providing ample parking space for cars coming from outside the region, on the outskirts of the town, either parking lots or actual garages, and then using the rapid bus service to the centre of the town, which would give the advantages of concentrated space in the centre of an intensely active social life without sacri-

ficing too much to motor transportation by itself.

There are two difficulties in the way of approaching the city today and we have to overcome them. One is, people have no clear idea of their goal. They accept what our civilization provides; they often are intensely uncomfortable and deeply dissatisfied with the result but they have no clear picture of an alternative. One of the best things we can do is to give people some notion of what the alternatives are. The second obstacle is that the city itself has always been a two-faced institution from its beginning. It has been a place of dominance, of control, of the mastery of the large part of the population by a dominant minority—as Arnold Toynbee calls it—and one of the great results of this has been the fact that war has been the constant preoccupation of cities, and there is nothing so common in the history of cities than their total destruction at the hands of the enemy. This sort of destruction we obviously face on the most horrendous scale today. The possibility of it weighs on everyone. Therefore there is a natural impulse to escape from the city. Not that that would mean safety; but the city is a symbol of danger. On the other hand, the city is the source of the most rewarding intercourse that civilization makes possible; it is a place where the arts and sciences have been pushed to a higher pitch. This, too, has been true from the beginning. Thus the city is both heaven and hell, and has been so throughout human history. Our problem of today is to minimize, if not altogether banish, hell: to have only as much hell as will keep us from being too complacent, will stimulate us, and to maximize the possibilities of heaven.

—From a broadcast in the Third Programme

Tout Comprendre

'To bind and probe with rhythms
What otherwise could not be bound.
To find and know through images
What otherwise would not be found.

'A vast half-understanding
Drilled to an insight, miniature but total.
Inchoate clouds of tears
Distilled to one clear universal crystal',

But men weren't taken in for long
By such talk. Poets, they recall,
Are merely men like any others—
Or else are not like other men at all.

Committees sprang up to do the job
In honest prose. Latin munificence
Accommodated them with terminology.
They burned the midnight fluorescence.

It was, they said, a time of crisis,
And needful that our needs be classified.
Understand, they said, or perish.
And somehow more and more men died.

But now we understand each other
Massively. (Odd poems still swirl past,
Minority reports, on history's discharge.)
Should understanding leave us thus aghast?

D. J. ENRIGHT

New Light on Captain Cook's Discoveries

By OLIVER WARNER

IN NOVEMBER LAST YEAR no less than £53,000 was paid in a London sale-room for a log and journal of the first and second voyages of Captain James Cook. The item was bought for an American collector and fetched the highest amount ever given for an eighteenth-century manuscript. — The New Zealand Government was in the market for it, and the price emphasizes the fact that important material relating to Cook has as much claim on the attention of the world at large as that relating to any man of science, since Cook's achievement was, in sum, the map of the Pacific.

It is only now that Cook is being given the scholarly care he has needed so long. The first volume of Dr. J. C. Beaglehole's definitive edition of his *Journals* appeared in 1955, covering the voyage of the *Endeavour*, 1768-1771. The second, relating to the circumnavigation of the *Resolution* and *Adventure*, 1772-1775, has just been published and is as remarkable as its predecessor¹.

In the *Endeavour* Cook had with him Joseph Banks, a young man of fortune later to become an autocratic President of the Royal Society. Both men benefited, and so has posterity, since Banks acted as an energetic and skilled public relations officer, imparting information to all interested quarters about what had been seen by Cook and his companions. Banks would have sailed again in the *Resolution*, but his demands for space, equipment, and retinue were too high. Had they been met, the ship would not have been seaworthy.

As it fell out, Cook suffered less than he might have done from the absence, on the second voyage, of a man of Banks's quality, though there is some evidence that he missed his sprightly companion, and much that he found his principal successor, the German scientist John Reinhold Forster, difficult: Dr. Beaglehole aptly describes Forster as 'a problem from any angle'.

On this second voyage Cook crossed the Antarctic Circle for the first time in recorded history, and completely disproved the existence of any Great Southern Continent apart from Australia and the regions of ice, though it took a long time for some of the geographical theorists to believe it. Merely to state in the baldest terms what was done in the years 1772-1775 is to apprehend the size of Cook's achievement. He traversed a distance almost equal to three times the equatorial circumference of the earth. He reached his furthest south (71° 10') and showed himself as sure a master of navigation among ice floes as he had done among the

equally dangerous coral reefs on the first voyage. After three great sweeps, he left a mere handful of Polynesian islands uncharted. His discoveries or rediscoveries included the Tonga Islands, Easter Island, the Marquesas, the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, together with the sub-

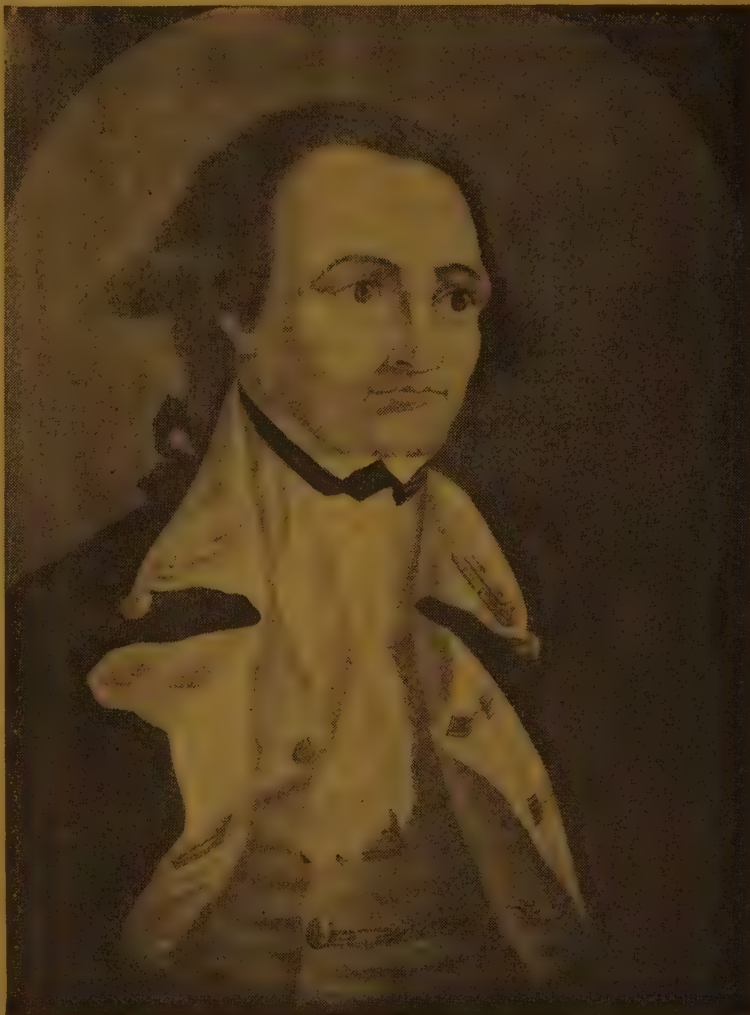
serve a splendid range of original graphic material, and in choosing as a frontispiece a water-colour of the *Resolution* made by Henry Roberts, the editor has done justice to a young artist of great charm. Roberts was only fifteen when he signed on, and his work valuably supplemented that of more experienced draughtsmen.

On the whole, Cook was well served by artists, by the professional Parkinson on the first voyage, by Hodges on the second, and by Webber on the third, and there were a number of good amateurs. The impact of their work has recently been studied, for the first time in any detail, by Mr. Bernard Smith in his *European Vision and the South Pacific*², a book which adds to the work of Dr. Beaglehole, since it considers the effect of new, fantastic scenes and people upon a world already in ferment with ideas and hungry for material about which to speculate. Cook's discoveries met most needs, and the excitement with which accounts were greeted, imperfectly presented as they were, is in sharp contrast to the neglect they have suffered, by the first rank of learning, until our own day.

Cook's exploits are referred to in another recent book³ which has as its subject the medical history of the navy in the classical days of sail. The authors, who give Cook every praise as a leader, effectively destroy the legend that his record of health (at sea) on the Pacific voyages ensured, for the future, proper measures against scurvy. This was not so.

James Lind (1716-1794), who might have sailed with the *Resolution*, had described the right treatment, based on practical experiment, as early as 1753 in his *Treatise on the Scurvy*, a sovereign cure being the juice of the orange and the lemon. 'Every fifty lemons might be considered as a hand to the Fleet', wrote his disciple, Sir Gilbert Blane, lemons being far better anti-scorbutics than limes.

Cook's standard of health, high as it was, was attained largely through other means, and the fact that his voyages were held to be models of how to prevent scurvy actually seems to have delayed the application of Lind's proven methods. This was not Cook's fault, and Messrs. Lloyd and Coulter, in their thorough and lively work, do not blame him. Cook's record as an hydrographer is enough for immortality, without the need to crown him with the laurels of a scientific dietitian.



Captain James Cook, from a portrait by Michael-Felice Corné (1752-1832) in the Peabody Museum, Salem, U.S.A., by whose courtesy it is reproduced here

antarctic islands of St. George and the South Sandwich group, while Furneaux, in the consort ship *Adventure*, examined the coast of Tasmania. As Dr. Beaglehole says, 'for variety of experience it transcends most other voyages ever made'. Over a thousand pages of text, and a hundred and fifty preliminary pages, provide material which will take long to assess.

Briefly, all the manuscript and printed sources are considered and weighed. Admiralty Instructions are given in full, and so, for good measure, is supplementary material of every relevant sort, logs, journals, letters, instructions to departments, muster books, every one of which sheds its own light on the principal narrative, that of the practical Cook. Finally, collotype plates

¹ *The Journals of Captain James Cook*, edited by J. C. Beaglehole. Vol. II: *The Voyage of the 'Resolution' and 'Adventure' (1772-1775)*. To be published tomorrow by the Cambridge University Press for the Hakluyt Society, £6. ² Oxford, £4 4s. ³ *Medicine and the Navy* by Christopher Lloyd and Jack L. S. Coulter: Vol. III (1714-1815). E. and S. Livingstone, £2 10s.

Letters to the Editor

Man's Attitude to the Past

Sir,—It is no doubt instructive and humbling, but also frustrating, for an author to find that he has failed to communicate. I feel this as one of the contributors and the joint editor of the volume *Historians of China and Japan* in the series 'Historical Writing on the Peoples of Asia', which Professor Herbert Butterfield used as starting off point for his lecture (THE LISTENER, September 21). Of course he is right when he talks about the faults of official historiography in China as elsewhere. They were vigorously expressed and castigated by China's own critics, Liu Chih-chi (c. A.D. 700) and Chang Hsueh-ch'eng in the eighteenth century. But to talk about the 'arbitrary choice of the documents that should be authoritative (without discussion of the reasons for choosing one rather than another)'! Dear me. Is this what he gets out of the description of how Ssu-ma Kuang and his collaborators went about their work? 'No scientific assessment of the value of evidence', no higher criticism—have we failed to convey anything at all of the long tradition of sceptical rationalism coming to its fine flowering in the critical works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? For all the great weight of authority that resided in the Chinese classics, the major problems concerning their authenticity, composition and transmission were all explored by Chinese scholars and the received tradition about the history of later times was subjected to the same thorough scrutiny.

Though the Chinese historians never quite developed the western conception of the historian's task as aiming at a creative synthesis—this they would probably have regarded as the province of the writer of fiction—it may be said in their favour that while European chroniclers were still piously seeing human history as manipulated by the inscrutable hand of Providence, the Chinese had long since given up their belief in a mysterious sympathy between Heaven and Man and looked for rational human causes for human events.

Yet one must not be too ungrateful. It is something for a student of Chinese history to be taken notice of at all by the high priests of History. So if I cannot understand Professor Butterfield, I can at least forgive him. If he and his fellows begin to think they have something to learn from the Chinese historians, even in a negative sense, the dialogue can begin. We for our part may learn to express ourselves more adequately.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

E. G. PULLEYBLANK

Sir,—In his lecture on 'History and Man's Attitude to the Past' (THE LISTENER, September 21), Professor Butterfield, in taking his rather broad view, draws conclusions which do not appear to agree with those of many other authorities, in particular Professor Dubs, Professor Goodrich, Dr. Waley.

May I ask the following questions?

(i) Is it not now generally accepted that the accidental destruction of the Imperial Library during the civil wars at the end of the Ch'in Dynasty was more disastrous than the 'burning of the books'? Furthermore, does not tradition

in fact underestimate the number of books which survived these disasters?

(ii) Professor Butterfield refers to the classical writers being rediscovered from the second century B.C. onwards: but was not the process rather one of establishment of a canon of classics, which, as predominantly Confucian texts, had previously been literature of one sect in contemporary thought?

(iii) Were not the change in the language and the bureaucratic organization of Chinese historical writing both part of the more centralized government, the peaceful and prosperous empire during the Han Dynasty, and all these part of the evolution of Chinese bureaucracy as a Confucian bureaucracy?

(iv) Was not social change, particularly during the former Han Dynasty, one of the major factors in the new interest in literature?—Yours, etc.,

Kirkby Stephen

JANE HUTCHINGS

Modern Turkey

Sir,—In his talk 'Democracy—By Order' (THE LISTENER, September 14) Mr. Geoffrey Lewis refers to the 'sacred law of Islam' which forbids recitation of the Holy Quran outside the mosques or in the presence of infidels and people who may be in a state of ritual impurity. I must point out that there is no such law. In fact, the Holy Quran may be recited anywhere and to any audience whether of Muslims, non-Muslims, or pagans. I see no harm in the deposed regime's relaxation of the undue restrictions imposed by Ataturk and allowing people the right to recite their Holy Book in public. If by the grant of this minimum religious freedom the Menderes Government won the favour of a large section of the people, what could be wrong with such a policy? Is winning popularity in this way undemocratic or unconstitutional in any sense? Are the policies of Communist governments to suppress religion brutally commendable? Or does the 'mother of parliaments' stand to blame because it has passed no laws discriminating against religious activities and because the Head of the State is also 'Defender of the Faith'?

Mr. Lewis has certainly gone out of his way in hero-worshipping General Gürsel and in denouncing the old regime. Not only has he tried to belittle the significance of the spontaneous expression of pleasure in Turkey on Menderes's safe return from England after his miraculous escape from an air disaster, but also he has attempted to ridicule an Islamic religious custom. As a part of thanksgiving service, animals are slaughtered in order to distribute meat among the poor so that they may also participate in the celebrations joyfully. It is quite possible that some individuals might have taken undue advantage of this occasion by commercializing it and selling meat cheaply in Istanbul that week. Nevertheless, the event does indicate the immense personal popularity of Menderes in Turkey—at least in that period. Only history will decide whether he died a martyr or a criminal. But the British did not forget their staunch allies who were instrumental in the formulation of the Baghdad Pact and the Cento. There was nothing much that we could do—it was a matter of Turkish internal

law. However, the British Government, public and press alike were deeply shocked by the harsh sentences passed on these former leaders of Turkey and the execution of Menderes and his two ministers.—Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

LAEQ AHMAD

Belief in Ghosts

Sir,—The mystery of ghosts mentioned in THE LISTENER of September 21 in reference to Mr. Dare's talk would not be so baffling if, instead of trying to answer the meaningless question 'What is a ghost?' as did Mr. Dare, the questioner was asked what *he* meant by 'a ghost'. If he means that he has had a visual experience which consisted of seeing a figure which was clearly not a physical reality and it is this figure which he calls 'a ghost', then everybody who knows anything about the subject believes in 'ghosts' since such appearances have been recorded for centuries. But if he means to imply that *he* believes that this apparition is a disembodied spirit, then grave doubts arise. It is the correct interpretation of the 'ghost' that may be baffling, not so much the appearance itself. The mystery of 'ghosts' is like the mystery of dreams: we are only very slowly getting to know a little more about them.

Yours, etc.,

Crowhurst

E. J. DINGWALL

A Flight of Girls from School?

Sir,—In her comment on my talk in THE LISTENER of September 14, Marjory Heath-Gracie seems to fear I wish to upset women's professional prospects by reversing 'the process initiated by the pioneers for women's education'. I think she misses the point here.

The pioneers, in their dedication to storming the citadels of masculine privilege, overlooked that they were accepting uncritically an excessively masculine tradition of education, in which the gentle, the aesthetic, the emotional and the sensitive were *de trop*. The time has come when it is both a practical and a human necessity to remedy this unbalance. Academic narrowness and human insensitivity are today positive obstacles to professional success. Important professions spread over more than one discipline, for example, the industrial doctor, the chemical engineer, the school architect, the aircraft pilot. Aesthetic judgment is required in many new technical skills. The sensitivity needed to create and sustain good human relationships is now essential to success in many professional fields. The traditional academic grind takes little account of these subtleties. Hence, it fails to prepare adolescents properly either as persons or as members of professions.—Yours, etc.,

Teddington

JAMES HEMMING

Thomas Paine

Sir,—Mr. Paul Potts (THE LISTENER, September 21) says that Paine was 'as Saxon as the East Anglian monosyllable that is his name'. But the name Paine (Pagan) is Norman.

Yours, etc.,

Usk

RAGLAN

The Sky at Night

Space Observatories

By PATRICK MOORE

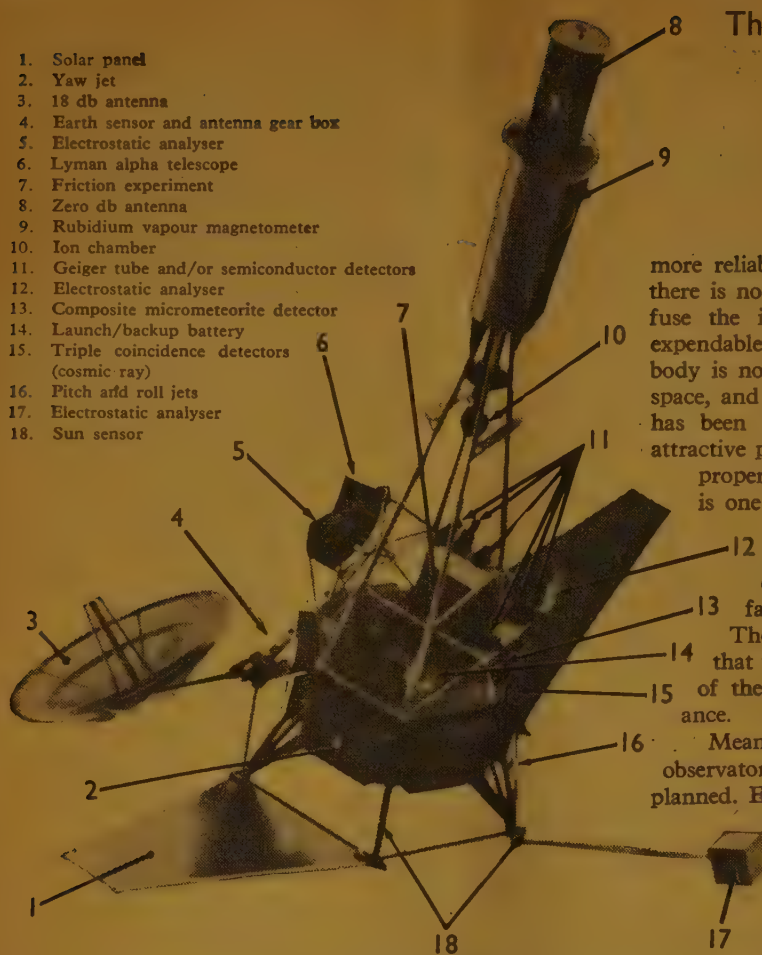


Diagram showing arrangement of Rangers 1 and 2, which are designed for spending one or two months in space

PROGRESS IN SPACE research has been amazingly rapid during the last few years. Schemes which would have been regarded as pure science fiction in, say, 1945 are rapidly becoming real possibilities, and few scientists now doubt that manned flights to the Moon will be achieved before very long.

Yet there are several popular misconceptions which still persist, both in the old science of astronomy and the new science of astronautics. One of these is that the astronomer spends nearly all his time looking through a telescope. Nothing could be further from the truth; most work is now done photographically or photo-electrically, and in any case, every hour spent in actual observation results in a large number of hours spent in theoretical analysis. Moreover, the construction of equipment is in itself extremely time-consuming.

The astronomer is handicapped by various layers in the Earth's upper atmosphere, which effectively block many of the important radiations coming from beyond. The only solution is to 'observe' from above the shielding layers. In the first instance, this means sending up instrument-carrying rockets, which may be regarded as the forerunners of full-scale space observatories. Work of this kind has, of course, been in progress for some time.

The second popular misconception is that manned space-flight is the only object of space research programmes. This idea, too, is entirely wrong, and it may even be said that the present American experiments in manned orbital flights are more or less independent of their scientific programme. Generally speaking, instruments are

more reliable than human observers; there is no personal equation to confuse the issue, and men are non-expendable. Moreover, the human body is not adapted to conditions in space, and until much more research has been done we may ignore the attractive picture of a 'space-station' proper. On the other hand, there is one way in which the human observer has an advantage over any automatic equipment: he can detect faults and put them right. There can thus be no doubt that true interplanetary travel is of the highest scientific importance.

Meanwhile unmanned space observatories have already been planned. Elaborate designs have been produced, some of which are most ambitious. The Russians have not yet released details, but the United States programme has been outlined. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is under-

taking an important exploratory project, aimed at making direct measurements of the Moon and planets as well as the adjacent regions of space.

It must be borne in mind that direct research must be confined to the Solar System—and at present, at any rate, our own part of this system, which virtually limits us to the Moon, Mars, and Venus. There is no reason to doubt that the remoter planets will eventually be studied in the same way, but it is not likely that probes will ever reach the stars; the distances involved are too colossal, and the time taken for a vehicle to reach another planetary system would be hopelessly long. Of course, it is dangerous to say that interstellar rockets are permanently out of the question; but they would involve methods of which we have not yet the slightest inkling, so that so far as we are concerned they may be disregarded.

For our own regions of the Solar System, television techniques may be expected to play a major role. Most people have seen the pictures of the reverse side of the Moon, obtained in 1959 with the Russian rocket Lunik III, and indeed it seems that television will be quite effective when we are considering a body as close to us as the Moon. It is a different matter with Mars or Venus; transmission would have to be very

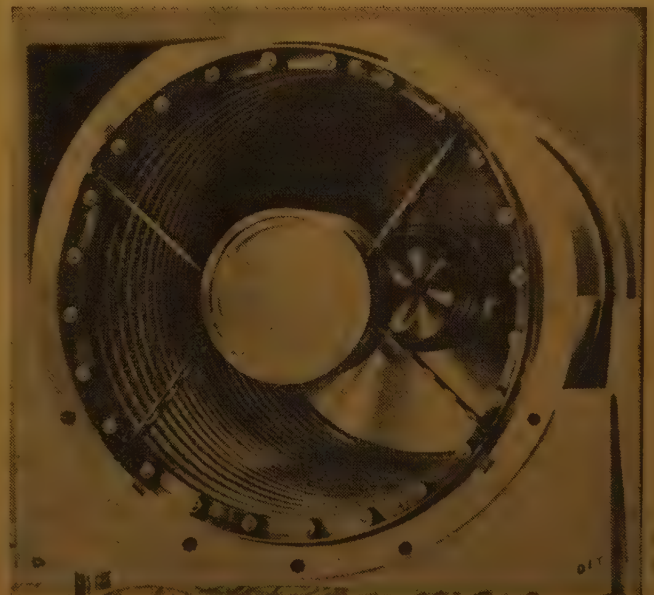
slow, and the programme would be much more difficult to carry out.

A non-orbital rocket has limited uses; its flight-time is short, and it is bound to destroy itself upon landing (even if the instruments are detached and recovered intact). First, however, the problem of stability must be overcome. During the launching procedure it is inevitable that the vehicle will spin, and all movements of such a kind must be stopped before any accurate observational work can be done. Much progress has been made, and some recent films taken from very high altitude are promising as well as spectacular, even if the control is not yet wholly reliable.

Space observatories will be of great help in all fields of astronomical research, since all the various wavelengths will be accessible. Preliminary results with orbital satellites have been most encouraging, and represent a great step forward.

Early vehicles in the N.A.S.A. programme are the Rangers, the first of which was launched recently—though, regrettably, without success. The diagram shows the arrangement of Rangers 1 and 2, which are designed to be sent on long elliptical trajectories, so spending one or two months in space. The practical work on these vehicles has been carried out by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, California Institute of Technology. Research programmes to be carried out include studies of charged particles, magnetic fields in space, micrometeorites, and the density of interplanetary dust. It may be said that the work is a continuation of that carried out by the Russians with their recent Lunik and planetary probe vehicles, but the American programme is of course entirely independent.

Rangers 3, 4, and 5 are intended for lunar exploration, and here we come to what is undoubtedly a 'space observatory', since it is planned to instal a telescope. The instrument



A Ranger 'space observatory', intended for lunar exploration

here is basically a conventional Cassegrain reflector, but with the mirrors made of fused quartz and all the temperature-sensitive metallic parts composed of Invar. The aperture is seven inches, and the equivalent focal length forty inches. The vidicon camera will employ a 200-line scan, and it is expected that pictures will be obtainable as the whole vehicle rushes towards the lunar surface. It is naturally essential to make sure that conditions during blast-off and during other manoeuvres do not damage the equipment, but exhaustive tests have been carried out, and there seems to be no reason for apprehension on this score.

At a recent international conference on space research, suggestions were made that it might be possible to set up a 200-inch reflector in space. This is by no means so fantastic as it may sound. Operating from beyond the atmosphere, the 'space observatory' 200-inch would be much more effective than the Hale reflector now in use at Palomar, and would add greatly to our knowledge of the universe. Here, indeed, is a close link between the direct exploration of the Solar System, and the indirect exploration of the Galaxy and external systems. There is also the question of installing a large radio telescope in orbit round the Earth. With some radio telescopes—those of the 'dish' type, like the one at Jodrell Bank—great diameter is important, and in the future it may be expected that giant radio telescopes will be set up in space.

Another experiment designed for the Ranger programme is that of dropping a seismometer on to the surface of the Moon. After the spacecraft has been properly positioned, roughly thirty kilometres above the Moon, the seismometer-capsule will be detached, and slowed down by means of retro-rockets, finally landing at no more than thirty metres per second. This is still a considerable speed, and it would be too much to hope that the impact velocity can be judged precisely, but the instrumentation—including the seismometer with its amplifier, transmitter and antennae—has been designed to withstand several thousand *g* of impact acceleration, and many tests have been carried out.

The seismometer should continue to operate for a period of one to two months. Whether it will record any internal seismic activity on the Moon is a matter for debate, since it is not yet known whether any such activity is marked enough to be measurable: the famous 1958 observation by N. Kozirev, of an outbreak in the crater Alphonsus, indicates that the Moon is not totally inert (as used to be widely believed), but any activity is certainly on a very small scale. However, meteoric falls may be expected from time to time, which should create enough disturbances to be detected by the seismometer.

This experiment will be of the greatest interest. Though on the cosmic scale the Moon is so near, many problems about its nature remain to be solved. There is even some controversy about the depth of any surface ashy or dusty layer. The best evidence indicates that the layer cannot be more than a few inches deep, but a certain amount of doubt remains, and space research methods hold out the only hope of clearing the matter up. Neither is there any real agreement about the origin of the craters. Vulcanism and impact may both have played a part, though the superficial resemblance between a bomb-crater and a lunar craterlet does not really mean very much. The Russian Lunik ex-

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By permission of 'Punch'



'Oh—about here, I should think'

periments have already shown that, as expected, the Moon has no appreciable magnetic field; the Ranger programme should be able to give a better idea of what the lunar globe is really like.

Following the Rangers, the Surveyor spacecraft will—if all goes well—land on the Moon gently enough to avoid severe damage to their instrumentation. Chemical analyses of the lunar surface and subsurface will be made, and relayed back to Earth by television techniques. The instruments will include several television cameras, a sensitive three-axis seismometer, a magnetometer, and a drill. The drill will be extended from the vehicle, and will penetrate almost two feet into the Moon; specimens of the surface material will be brought into the space-craft and analysed. One of the multiple television cameras will monitor the whole operation.

At the recent conference, suggestions were made for a sort of 'moon car' to undertake surveys of the surface. Such vehicles have been proposed before; H. Oberth, who was the first to put astronautics on a properly scientific footing (long ago, in the nineteen-twenties) has even given detailed plans for a moon-car which will hop. But this sounds rather far-fetched at the moment, and further research into the nature of the surface layers is needed. We may be sure

that the 'going' will not be easy. Even more far-fetched was the suggestion that it might be possible to send up a vehicle to capture part of a comet, and bring it back to Earth for analysis. Comets are indeed fascinating objects, and are insubstantial, but the idea of a comet-hunt is—to put it mildly—rather startling, and one suspects that at this point the conference must have got somewhat out of hand! However, so much has happened during the last few decades that it would be unwise to condemn any suggestion as wholly crazy.

Following the lunar programme, or perhaps together with it, unmanned probes will be sent to Mars and Venus. The difficulties are much greater, owing to the distances involved, but the first Soviet Venus probe, sent up in February 1961, showed that the problems are by no means insuperable. Everything depends upon the reliability of launching and guidance techniques, and each successful experiment brings the true space observatory a step nearer. In books published only a few years ago frequent references are made to manned space-stations which will serve not only as observatories and laboratories but also as refuelling bases for vehicles bound for the Moon. In actual fact, things have turned out rather differently, and it is widely believed that the refuelling base will not be needed.

Manned orbital vehicles will of course be set up; indeed, the rocket which carried Major Titov seventeen times round the Earth may be regarded as the prototype. Yet it may well be that even the space-observatory of the future will be mainly automatic, and will not carry a permanent crew, though periodical servicing will presumably be needed.

These are personal views, and may turn out to be incorrect; as yet there is no real measure of agreement—and it must be repeated that, in the present rapid stage of development, it is extremely unwise to make forecasts. However, there can be no doubt that the space-observatory, unmanned or (later) manned, will be of the utmost value to the astronomer. Freed from the crippling handicap of having to observe from beneath the Earth's atmosphere, he will be able to extend his investigations to a degree undreamed-of before the first tiny Earth satellites were launched less than five years ago.

This article is based on the B.B.C. television programme of September 18, in which Patrick Moore was talking to Dr. Hugh Butler of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. All the technical information was provided by Dr. Butler.

The amateur astronomer will find a useful and lavishly illustrated guide in *Nelson's Atlas of the Universe* (42s.), by Br. Ernst and Tj. E. de Vries, translated by D. R. Welsh and edited by Dr. Hugh Butler.



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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Montesquieu: a critical biography

By Robert Shackleton. Oxford. £2 5s.

Reviewed by MAURICE CRANSTON

MONTESQUIEU IS A political theorist whose merits have never lacked appreciation in England. He stands for moderation, good sense, tradition, justice and freedom, principles which Englishmen make much of, and for which Montesquieu himself cultivated his taste in this country. He described the constitution of England as 'the mirror of liberty', and although his analysis of our constitution shows that he did not understand it, English readers have never been so ungrateful as to hold his mistakes against him, while elsewhere, designers of political societies who have wanted to follow the English model have taken his word for gospel: hence, for example, the American cult of the Separation of the Powers, which derives from Montesquieu's fanciful belief that in England the executive, legislative and judiciary are entirely separate and distinct. Such is the compelling nature of Montesquieu's argument, and the charm of his style.

Of the man we know less; and Mr. Shackleton's new biography, the first to appear in the English language, fills, with considerable distinction, a long-standing gap. Not that it does much to alter the idea we have of Montesquieu, but it enlarges the details, and explores the ambiguities revealed by contemporary reminiscences.

Born (in 1689) to rank and riches, Montesquieu was nevertheless exceedingly ambitious. He forsook his estates near Bordeaux and his vineyards, to which he was deeply attached, and his wife and family, whom he loved perhaps a little less, to seek fame in Paris and to collect material for his books in Italy and England. He was a success in the *salons*, and by repute an amusing conversationalist, though Mr. Shackleton has been able to find no recorded examples of his wit. Montesquieu picked his friends carefully among those who were close to power, and his attentions yielded a quick return.

He was capable of generosity—Mr. Shackleton mentions several acts of kindness; but he was also singularly mean. He was most rigorous in the collection of even the smallest debts. On one occasion he threatened a perquisite against the wife of a cobbler for a mere thirty-five *livres*; and later he restrained to recover debts as minute as eight, five and seven *deniers*, debts of about a halfpenny. At the same time he was very slow to pay what he owed to others. The Dominicans of Saintes had repeatedly to ask him for a small rent due to them. In Paris, Montesquieu had a reputation for parsimony; more than one observer remarked that he 'never ate at his own table'. English visitors to his chateau, La Brède, were struck by what they politely call the 'plainness' of the fare. Montesquieu even economized on the arrangements for the wedding of his daughter Denise. He was one of those rich men who tell themselves they are poor; he once said to his grandson: '*la fortune est un état, et non pas un bien*'.

Montesquieu deserves (as Mr. Shackleton persuades us) to be counted as a *philosophe*, but

he was too wary by nature, and too eager to get on, to be a Voltaire or a David Hume. An instance of his caution may be seen in Mr. Shackleton's account of the preparation of *L'Esprit des lois*. In the first draft of the chapter on religion the author wrote: '*Dans les gouvernements modérés les hommes sont plus attachés à la morale et moins à la religion; dans les pays despotiques ils sont plus attachés à la religion et moins à la morale*'. In the first revision Montesquieu added at the beginning '*On pourrait peut-être dire que*'; and in the second revision, he cut out the sentence altogether. In the *Lettres persanes*, an early work, Montesquieu writes satirically about the Catholic religion, but later he took care to avoid provocative utterance on the subject. Mr. Shackleton thinks that Montesquieu's real religious sentiments were those of a deist, and suggests that his general position was much like that of Alexander Pope.

It appears at all events that Montesquieu, like Pope, was reconciled to the Church on his death-bed. An Irish Jesuit named Bernard Routh was invited to La Brède during Montesquieu's last illness, and in spite of the efforts of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon to prevent him 'tormenting a dying man', the priest was able to report that he had led the philosopher back to the path of devotion and repentance. The Pope himself, writes Mr. Shackleton, read Father Routh's account of Montesquieu's last days 'with the deepest reverence, and ordered it to be circulated'. Madame d'Aiguillon was able to rescue from the clutches of the Jesuits only the manuscript of the *Lettres persanes*: '*Je veux tout sacrifier à la raison et à la religion*', the author told her, '*mais rien à la Société [de Jésus]*'.

A Study of the Work of Seeborn Rowntree 1871-1954. By Asa Briggs. Longmans. 30s.

There have always been sects or religious communities which have exerted an influence out of proportion to their numbers, and none more so than the Quakers, among whom the family of Seeborn Rowntree has been prominent for several generations. His own early background may be indicated by an uncle's advice to 'hate alcoholism, toryism, priestcraft and all other concrete forms of sin'. In fact, Rowntree grew up to be remarkably patient and tolerant, a man of wide sympathies as well as of exact and untiring industry. The nearest thing to a traumatic experience which his well-balanced personality underwent occurred early in life, when he happened to visit the slums of Newcastle. This was to define his life's work, and start him on the career of exhaustive social investigation and industrial management which, in 1901, first bore fruit in his most important book, *Poverty: a study in town life*.

To start with, Rowntree investigated poverty in York. His findings there confirmed the discovery recently made by Charles Booth in London—that the 'submerged tenth' would be more accurately described as the submerged third. He thus became an active exponent of the new Liberalism which, after 1906, began to lay

the foundations of the modern welfare state, and before he died, he saw destitution and unemployment eliminated, and his own desideratum, the national minimum, largely established in law or practice. In the meantime, Rowntree became closely associated with Lloyd George, who first made him Director of the Welfare Department of the great Ministry of Munitions in 1916, and then a member of the government's Reconstruction Committee. This widening of experience helped him to produce his 'Human Needs of Labour' in 1918, a book which, for many years after, was usually treated as the basis for all further discussion on the subject. It finally established his reputation and enabled him, for instance, to act, albeit abortively, as a conciliatory go-between in the miners' strike in 1926 (an episode which Professor Briggs illuminates with new evidence), and, more fruitfully, in the preparation of the Beveridge Report. It was now that he began to enjoy a world-wide hearing, notably in the United States, to which he was much attracted.

Rowntree was an outstanding, self-made sociologist in an age of non-professionals. He was, throughout his working life, also actively engaged in a large and prosperous industry. Beatrice Webb, whose intellectual socialism he shared as little as tory paternalism or old liberal individualism, described him as more of a philanthropist than a business man. This was beside the point, if only because he never recognized the distinction; for him, the two adjectives 'social and spiritual', says Professor Briggs, 'always went together'. Descriptions of him as 'the Einstein of the Welfare State' and 'the British management movement's greatest pioneer' were, even if deemed exaggerated, nearer the mark. This valuable and attractive book presents a full study of a man in whom social thought and social action were inseparably fused. To that extent, his biography is indeed a history of his times.

E. G. COLLIEU

England and Italy, 1859-1860

By Derek Beales. Nelson. 18s.

Hardly any development of modern history has been, with the significant exception of the Vatican archives (and they are now catching up) so lavishly documented as the Risorgimento. Letters, speeches and diaries of the chief actors have been published; an Italian review, the *Rassegna storica del Risorgimento*, has for many years been devoted to this sole subject. There are ample French, Austrian, and German records, and for the critical years the British Government was exceptionally generous in its publication of Blue Books. There are many unpublished but accessible personal papers, of Palmerston, Lord John Russell and Gladstone in particular, and a few unpublished academic dissertations. All this material has been used for the first time in English, it would seem, to make this analysis of British policy during the year preceding the death of Cavour. Mr. Mack Smith, in his study, *Cavour and Garibaldi, 1860*, concentrated on one year, but he of course told mainly the story

of the relations between those two outstanding personalities; English politics came into it very little. It is British motives and British action (or inaction) which are dealt with in detail in Mr. Beales's excellent book.

Mr. Beales sets out to answer two questions. How far was England pro-Italian and why; and how much was the renown we gained so cheaply as champions of Italian freedom and unity due to the intentions of Her Majesty's Government? In the 'fifties and early 'sixties foreign affairs excited British public opinion with especial force, and there was a general pro-Italian sentiment on which British statesmen (and Cavour) could rely. It derived, with the educated classes, from classical studies and actual experience of travel and residence in Italy; there was also reaction against Austrian and Neapolitan misrule, the belief that Piedmont was a kind of liberal state in the 1688 tradition; among the people there was hero-worship of Garibaldi, and finally there was 'Papal aggression'. Mr. Beales emphasizes this last, but not unduly, I think; he mentions the presentation of an 'English Bible' to Victor Emmanuel when that astonished monarch visited England in 1855; he quotes some cynical remarks by Cavour on the Protestant zealots, and might have added that that statesman, whenever the Italian cause seemed to be languishing, instructed his representative in London to stoke up 'Shaft' (Lord Shaftesbury) and get his Exeter Hall friends to bestir themselves!

But the picture of Britain consistently championing the Piedmontese and Italian cause must be modified in the light of the evidence which Mr. Beales has so thoroughly examined. He shows—to compress his close argument—that the election of 1859, when the pro-Italian triumvirate, Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone, came to power, was not a decisive verdict of support for Italy; the country as a whole favoured neutrality; it wanted Piedmont to prosper, but it wanted to remain uncommitted. With the statesmen anti-French ideas, or reluctance to see Austria weakened by the loss of Venetia, played an important part. Napoleon's support for Piedmont helped to subdue Francophobia in England. Consideration of British Mediterranean interests for some time influenced Palmerston and Russell in favour of dividing Italy into two kingdoms.

There was bitter resentment against both Cavour and Napoleon III when Savoy and Nice were ceded to France. The indignation proved transitory. With a basically pro-Italian British opinion nothing succeeded like success, and when there was no risk Russell sent his 'sensational despatch' of October 27, full of pro-Italian eloquence; it obtained even the approval of the Queen. Britain could boast that moral support, without direct intervention, had triumphed. Moral sentiment alone, however, a few years later, could do nothing for Poland and Denmark. Italy was, in Gladstone's phrase, 'a happy exception'. In consistency of aim and superb adaptation of means Cavour outclassed them all—Napoleon III, Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone. They danced to his tune, and took, or were generously accorded by the Italians, full credit for their performance. But at least Napoleon III had fought and Frenchmen had died for the cause. The conclusion of Mr. Beales's book is that 'only by the inter-action and opposition of half-blind forces did unification triumph'.

ALEC RANDALL

Every Changing Shape. By Elizabeth Jennings.

André Deutsch. 25s.

This book is a study of poetic and mystical experience by a practising poet who is also a Roman Catholic. It contains short essays on St. Augustine, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, Julian of Norwich, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, Herbert and Vaughan, Traherne, Hopkins, Péguy, Rilke, Simone Weil, Bernanos, Edwin Muir, T. S. Eliot, David Gascoyne, Wallace Stevens, and Hart Crane, together with short expositions of the views on the relationship between poetry and prayer expressed by Father Thomas Gilby and the Abbé Bremond.

Miss Jennings is nearly always sensible and free from that vagueness and extravagance which are too often found in studies of this kind; at the same time, although her book can be recommended as a helpful introduction to readers comparatively unfamiliar with the authors she deals with, those who are, or imagine themselves to be, already tolerably well informed, will perhaps find too much rather elementary exposition and description, and some lack of those fruitful suggestions and illuminating comparisons which can usually arise only out of more extensive and detailed studies of particular authors.

Nevertheless, there is much which all may be grateful for. Miss Jennings frequently insists (and this is a matter of fundamental importance) that mystical experience can be adequately communicated in words; she remarks of St. John of the Cross, as she has already remarked of St. Augustine, that he reveals 'no restless dissatisfaction with the limitations of language and imagery', and that 'he does not seem to have descended from his mystical experiences to the laborious task of describing them in verse' (page 64). And she frequently recurs not merely to the resemblances but to the characteristic differences between the poet and the man of prayer. A comparison between Dame Julian and Van Gogh leads to the conclusion that, while a necessary part of the mystic's task is 'unity in God', the artist 'feels that everything must be done by himself and that "dark nights" or barren periods are to be suffered rather than accepted', and that 'a painter or a poet can never really believe that his uncreative periods will lead him to new insights in his later work' (page 42).

In her study of St. Teresa Miss Jennings remarks that 'where the man of prayer lays himself open to the movements and will of God, the poet prepares himself to make a poem' (page 56); and she suggests that Simone Weil seems to have assigned to the moment of prayer the kind of anxiety which is only proper to the artist: 'the anguish of the poet, wherever words seem to fail his experience. It is as if Eliot's "intolerable wrestling with words and meanings" were transferred to the life of prayer . . .'

Here and there opinions are expressed which seem to require revision. When Miss Jennings declares that Bernini's statue has done a great disservice to St. Teresa by representing her as fainting away in what looks like a wholly sensual ecstasy of profane love, one wonders whether she is familiar with *The Interior Castle*; for although it is true, as she insists, that in the *Life* St. Teresa delivers numerous warnings against visions, levitations, 'lights', and so forth, she also wrote of those 'delicious deaths' which inspired Crashaw. When she insists that Hopkins's style 'is entirely merged with what the poet has to say and can say in no other way'

she is really being, like Father Peters and other recent writers on Hopkins, too much of what might be called a whole-hogger: what of such rhymes as 'boon he on/communion'? And the statement that 'no other poet, religious or secular, has ever before used poetry as a means whereby men may encounter one another's inmost beings unprotected by masks' could be justified only by an amount of argument far greater than that which Miss Jennings normally permits herself.

The statement that Rilke's 'deep affection for his mother was partly responsible for his inability to form true or reciprocal relationships with other women' is far from the case: Rilke loathed his mother and it would be truer to say that he tended to seek in other women what she had failed to provide. The remark that the tragic sense of life is not incompatible with Christianity because the redemption gave men the power of choosing eternal life, proves only that Christian belief is compatible with individual tragedy, not that it is compatible with the view that all life is tragic. The comparison between Wallace Stevens and Shakespeare and the declaration that in Hart Crane's *The Broken Tower* 'there is all the passion and anguish of Hopkins's last sonnets' tend rather to shake one's confidence in the writer's ability to distinguish between what is great poetry and what is not.

In her select bibliography Miss Jennings includes Etienne Gilson's *The Mystical Theology of St. Bernard*, but neither there nor anywhere in her book does she refer to three of his writings which would seem to be peculiarly relevant to her subject: *Dante et la Philosophie*, *Pétrarque et sa Muse*, and *L'Ecole des Muses*.

J. B. LEISHMAN

View from the West. By Claud Cockburn.

Macgibbon and Kee. 21s.

Claud Cockburn is a funny man. At least he thinks he is, and his friend Malcolm Muggeridge thinks so, too. This book is a ragbag autobiography dealing with subjects like Mr. Cockburn's treatment for tuberculosis in a Southern Irish hospital, and is filled out with numerous sour reflections on life in general and Fleet Street in particular. Mr. Cockburn, a know-all, chronically agin' the government (and Royalty), has at last—in Youghal, Eire—found his spiritual home, far, far from his native Scotland, and further still from *The Times*, *The Daily Worker* and *Punch*, all three of which employed him at one time or another.

Towards the end of his book we are told that it is a particularly English taste which likes its amusements sharply and clearly marked off from its serious literature. The trouble here is that our author is neither amusing nor serious. Take one example. He says that in Northern Ireland, which he is pleased to call 'Quislings' Little Acre', Roman Catholics suffer 'social and political persecutions at the hands of the jumped-up, legalistic Quislings who act for the British Government against the Irish up there'. This kind of statement, although no doubt warmly applauded by the bar-flies of Youghal, cannot be taken seriously. Nevertheless, it is mischievous and not likely to help in improving Ulster-Eire relations. These 'Quislings' are Ulster Protestants whose offence is their loyalty to the Crown and unwillingness to be swamped in a Republican and Roman Catholic culture as alien to their outlook as that of Spain or Portugal.

Mr. Cockburn also wants to put us right on communism and journalism, on both of which he claims to be an expert. One last quotation: he is speaking of his hospital period:

It happened that just at that time, under the influence of the streptomycin and other drugs taken by victims of tuberculosis, I was particularly bothered by the effort to sort the hallucinations from the realities.

More hallucinations than realities, I am afraid, will be encountered in the pages of *View From the West*.

ROBERT GREACEN

From the Dreadnought to Scapa Flow:

Vol. I, The Road to War

By Arthur J. Marder. Oxford. 42s.

This is the first part of a projected two-volume work entitled *From the Dreadnought to Scapa Flow*. In it Professor Marder, an authority on the period, examines the pre-war antagonisms of Great Britain and Germany, primarily from their naval angle: and August, 1914, is the dividing line. All the fighting, and incidentally a full bibliography, are reserved for the second volume; but an intensely interesting and important study has already emerged, in which, it is clear, the author has drawn upon a remarkable range of sources: not only official papers, but also an impressive collection of personal ones—private letters and minutes, memoranda of actual conversations, etc. This imparts to the work a curious intimacy, as one illustration out of many will show. We can read here, more or less *verbatim*, the notes taken by Reginald Mackenna, First Lord of the Admiralty, at a most crucial interview. The scene is the Prime Minister's study, and Asquith is actually breaking to him the most unwelcome news that he is bringing in Churchill to replace him. It is seldom indeed that the outsider can listen in to the private talk of such exalted company in such sacrosanct surroundings.

Persons, throughout, are stressed more than things, or plans or policies. This makes for both great interest and good history, particularly at a time when, as it happens, there were a few outstanding actors in high places. Thus the first part of the decade belongs unquestionably to 'Jackie' Fisher, downright to the verge of boorishness, and beyond: knobbly to a degree when he smelt opposition, yet basically brilliant and entirely single-minded in his service to his one and only love, the Navy. Clearly in Professor Marder's view 'to him who loves much, much may be forgiven' because, though far from blind to the Admiral's (rather obvious) faults, he will always condone them in consideration of the magnificent work the man did, and the blimpishness he so ruthlessly overcame.

A scarcely less colourful figure dominates the second half—Churchill. Moreover, for all that Fisher was an aging sea-dog, and Churchill a very youthful politician, there were striking similarities between them: both 'characters', exceptionally able, remarkably prone to get their own way; both doing a grand job of work—and both doing it so tactlessly that they were for ever making enemies. All this is admitted, even enlarged upon; and perhaps few will contest the general rightness of the estimate. Unfortunately, however, this is not quite all. Fisher's faults are uniformly not denied, but soft-pedalled: Churchill's are, if anything, trumpeted. Here, surely, is an error, not of fact but of emphasis; a lapse of elementary fairness. Chastise Jackie

by all means, or let him off. But, whichever it is, equity surely demands a comparable treatment for Winston. Apart from this, the portraits of the men who counted are, in the main, admirable.

The revolutions in material—the changes in ships, guns and the coming weapons of under- and over-sea warfare—are too complex to be followed in detail here. Yet they are vital, and clearly described. Do we always remember, for instance, that the dreadnought, by its very superiority over all its predecessors, virtually eliminated at one blow the whole of Britain's long naval lead, enabling Germany to start her arms-race not miles but only yards behind? It is fascinating to see, too, what our pre-war leaders made of the submarine's potentialities. It must be admitted that they were wildly out in their reckoning; but not through neglect. Their mistake lay, not in what they thought the U-boat was capable of, but in what they thought the enemy was capable of. Not a soul of any importance in Britain imagined that Germany would defy the conventions of ages and use her submarines for direct trade-warfare: not even Churchill, who foresaw most things. Even Richmond, the astutest naval thinker of his day, could write, 'The submarine has the smallest value of any vessel for the direct attack upon trade'—and could live to add a marginal note many years later: 'I made a pretty bad guess there!'

Our other major misconception—less pardonable—was to take it for granted that the High Seas Fleet would come out sooner or later (but probably sooner) for a head-on collision with the Grand Fleet. There, too, we were sadly wrong. It was wishful thinking of quite an elementary kind, seeing that Germany, for all her striving, had lost the dreadnought-race by 1914, and knew it.

MICHAEL LEWIS

Life in Elizabethan England. By A. H. Dodd.

Batsford. 21s.

Essays in the Economic and Social History of

Tudor and Stuart England. In Honour of

R. H. Tawney. Edited by F. J. Fisher.

Cambridge. 30s.

The Stuart Century 1603-1714

By S. Reed Brett. Harrap. 18s.

To the making of books on Tudor and Stuart England there seems to be no end; they pour from the presses, all reasonably priced. Here are another three, each of a different genre. Mr. Dodd draws for us a pleasing portrait of Elizabethan England, produced in the usual attractive Batsford manner, but without coloured reproductions. Not as romantic as Dr. Rowse or as stylish as Professor Neale, Mr. Dodd is none the less absorbing as soon as he moves away from the clichés of his first chapter into the lively quotations that fill most of the remainder of his book.

The essays dedicated to Professor Tawney, the doyen of seventeenth-century economic historians, who lately celebrated his eightieth birthday, are more stimulating than most *Festschriften*: the editor opens with a sensible essay on 'Tawney's century', that is to say the period between the Reformation and the English Civil War; this is followed by a first-class essay by Christopher Hill reconsidering Dr. Tawney's thesis on the connexion between Protestantism

and the rise of capitalism. Of the other articles one of the most valuable is a discussion of King Charles I's relations with the City of London, which supplements Mrs. Pearl's recent book. All of the contributions are learned; some are important; but how one wishes that these modern historians could write as finely as Dr. Tawney did in his prime.

Mr. Reed Brett's book is a sound text-book, mainly devoted to political history, suitable for the lower history forms in grammar schools. Most of the books recommended in it for further reading are classics.

MAURICE ASHLEY

Saying Life. By Sir Francis Rose.

Cassell. 42s.

Society has its dregs: it also has its froth; that is to say, a consuming class which does not even know how to consume, a class which has neither gravity nor elegance, which pursues fashionable trivialities, fashionable vices, fashionable superstitions and, above all, fashionable art. Enormously gullible, its members are ready to accept any kind of silliness as doctrine, any kind of charlatanism as genius, any kind of shrill chatter as humour; without the grace to adorn society, they are without the wit to direct it, and when they feel themselves threatened, they find their natural allies in the political myth-mongers and the political gangsters.

Sir Francis Rose has seen this class at close quarters. He has, in addition, encountered a great many important people and events. His memoirs could be of the greatest historical and sociological interest. If they are not, it is because he has adopted the strange opinion that 'Painters must never write because they say through their eyes only....' In what sense Sir Francis may be considered a painter is doubtful, but certainly he has succeeded in not being a writer. His tale is so remarkable as to seem downright improbable, and yet he manages to remain always upon the same even level of tedium. The endless repetitions, the endless lists of expensive guests and still more expensive meals, the clothes, the furniture, the dogs, the funny stories, the travel notes and Sir Francis's own lamentably feeble pictures, trickle out in an endless stream of bad English, until at length the reader throws down the book in astonished dismay, wondering how Sir Francis manages to be so uniformly dull. It is not until he meets and is captivated by the bosses of the Nazi party that the author feels deeply enough to write with some conviction. Hitler and Goering do arouse a responsive chord and he regards their victim, Ernst Roehm, with an even deeper veneration. It is not hard to see how this should be the case. Their kind of ideas were exactly suited to his. They talked the same language. In practical affairs they were, of course, his superiors, but in philosophical speculation they were equals.

One example may serve to show the quality of the author's mind. He refers to the 'unfortunate bombing of Guernica by Italian aeroplanes. The harmful uproar caused by this incident, however, rendered a great service to humanity. It inspired Picasso to paint a picture that was more important to the world than the destruction of a slum near Bilbao'. In fairness it should be said that there is little in this book that is nastier or more arrogant, but in its abject silliness this passage is typical.

QUENTIN BELL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Return of 'Monitor'

THE FIRST 'Monitor' of the new season (Sunday, September 24) was very good. The opening item was a film about Gian-Carlo Menotti—the fifty-year-old composer who founded a festival at Spoleto four years ago. The subject, of course, was a 'natural'. Italians, *en masse* or individually, are photogenic in any setting; and given Spoleto as the setting and young Italians enjoying opera and dancing as the crowds, it would be difficult to go wrong.

Menotti, when asked by Huw Wheldon about his reasons for starting the festival, replied that he wanted to make a gesture against the commercialization of art. From various other of his remarks and also from the snatches of film we saw, it became obvious that he was also making a gesture against that far nastier modern phenomenon—arty-smartiness. The audiences and crowds of Spoleto actually looked as though they were enjoying what they saw and heard; their expressions were animated, serious, or humorous, often all three, but never self-conscious. Menotti himself gave the impression of someone who wanted to get on with what he was doing, rather than explain in detail why his own music was barred from performance at the festival. Huw Wheldon asked him why he had chosen to compose opera when as an art-form it was out of date. This question was an odd one to put to an Italian, and betrayed the occasional embarrassing insularity of 'Monitor'. Menotti summed up his attitude to the festival by saying that it helped him because it was necessary for him to communicate—'art is an act of love, not an act of onanism'.

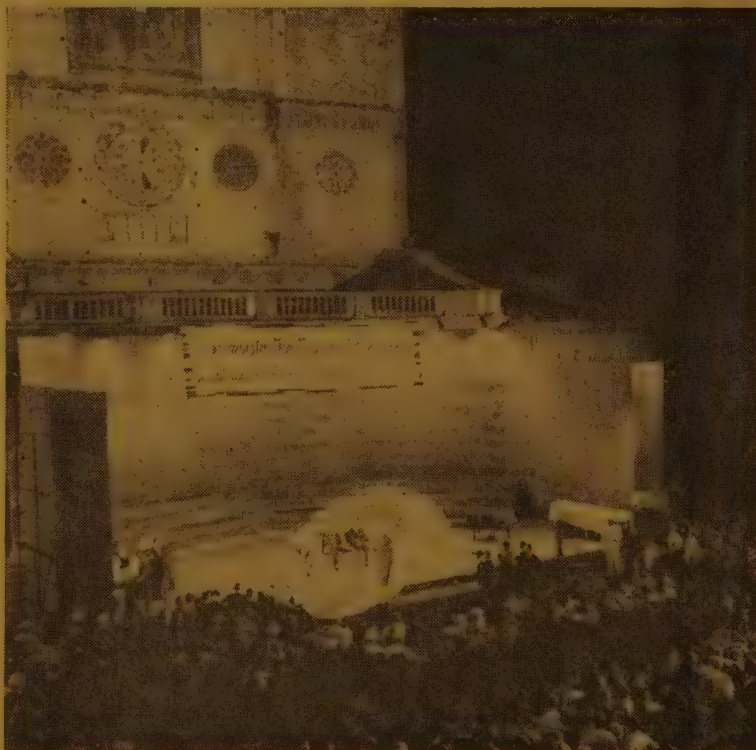
It was impossible not to compare

the Spoleto festival and its intentions with our own effort at Glyndebourne. One felt that the English equivalents of the curious, eager little Italian boys, sandalled students, and old men wandering vaguely in and out of performances, would not be exactly welcomed on those lush, be-dowagered Sussex lawns.

A film about Max Ernst suffered, I think, rather than benefited, from its juxtaposition with Menotti and Spoleto. The necessity to explain to the uninitiated why the art of Max Ernst is art was made vital by the preceding item, and the challenge was not met. The only way to have reconciled Menotti and Ernst would have been to confront Ernst with a lively critic in the hope of producing some real insight into his work and motives. Since this approach was



From a film shown in 'Monitor': above, Gian-Carlo Menotti; below, Signor Menotti addressing a crowd outside the cathedral of Spoleto on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday



showed the history and rise to power of Adenauer and Willy Brandt, with fascinating snatches of old newsreel to back up the story. We could do with many more documentaries of this sort.

'Tonight's' post-mortem on the Trafalgar Square rally was interesting. On Monday, September 18, Fyfe Robertson made the point that the police measures had simply increased the publicity of the meeting; on Tuesday John Buxton, London editor of *The Yorkshire Post*, tried to state his case that the Trafalgar Square rally had things in common with the riots in Huddersfield and Middlesbrough. A resident psychiatrist, in reply to this, stressed the difference between a reasonable dissatisfaction with some authorities, which he felt to be a healthy attitude, and the unreasonable dissatisfaction with all authorities, which is not. He said that the most widespread attitude in this country at the moment is indifference, and it is this indifference which might be called neurotic rather than the effort to protest against dangerous policies.

On Thursday, Woodrow Wyatt, looking very cross, asked George Melly why he didn't go and sit down in Red Square. George Melly ignored what to me appeared to be an idiotic question and pointed out that he was sitting down in favour of unilateral disarmament. Then Robert Jungk, who wrote *Children of the Ashes*, was interviewed, and he said that Woodrow Wyatt would talk in a very different way if he had been to Hiroshima. On Friday, Lord Kilbracken expressed a certain dissatisfaction with police methods in Trafalgar Square after midnight, *i.e.* when most of the reporters had rushed off to get their copy in on time. Apparently the police moved in on the remaining squatters, and obviously acting on instructions, disposed of them in a rather unchivalrous way. This sort of topic must be good television because I overheard it being ardently discussed on several occasions afterwards by all sorts of unlikely people.

VERONICA HULL

Next week Arthur Calder-Marshall will take over this column from Mrs. Hull.



Immigration officers at London Airport seen in 'The Net' on September 21

probably undesirable anyway, it might have been better to have coupled him with a more neutral item. Ernst's remarks about the importance of the irrational, and his implication that all artists are a little mad, needed explanation. The last item, some poems of Robert Frost read by himself, was unsatisfactory because it was difficult to hear the poems against a particularly distracting music score.

I must, although it is very late to do so, mention the programme 'Germany Chooses' which was seen on September 16. The commentary by Patrick O'Donovan was excellent. It was concise, explicit, and unemotional. The film

DRAMA

Three Outsiders

IF A PLAYWRIGHT offers us a battle between the non-conformist and his conforming world, he must take the risk that we may side with the People against its Enemy. The danger is all the greater when his hero is a man of principle anxious to convert others and unduly sure of his own virtue or rightness.

I found *The Randy Dandy* by Stewart Love (September 14) interesting and enjoyable partly because its protesting hero was being awkward on no very elevated grounds and the world which resisted him was not made out to be grossly unjust. Dandy Jordan, played with an engaging mixture of bounce and shyness by James Ellis, had by nickname and by mockery been accepted by his workmates and neighbours as a 'character'—which can become a morbid way of life in itself.

We first met him being disobliging to his mother-in-law and a whining neighbour—justifiably enough, though he overdid the aggression. Then it appeared that in his Belfast dockyard he had asked for trouble by speaking against a proposed strike, reasonably again, but on the grounds that 'you should stand up every so often and blare out your opinions'. He was casually insulting to a pretty visiting welfare worker (Betty Ellis) which suggested that we were going to have an unsympathetic slab of the class war on our hands. But then a thug turned up to try to steal his wife—mother-in-law acting as pander—and when he subdued the villain by judo I almost gave up the play. However, confusion and credibility returned when the welfare girl fell for his rudeness and he had a burst of self-approving self-sacrifice in turning her down.

In action the crisis of the play came when the dandy was returning home and all his vaguely benevolent neighbours waited for him to be beaten up by the injured thug (Harry Towb) supported by a large, violent and dim-witted friend. He stared and talked them down which was theatrically effective as a triumph of intellect and non-violence, but a bit thick.

And yet, just when this conquering hero was due to be intolerable his wretched uncle was allowed to smash the trumpeting with the helpful remark that a 'brass neck will take you anywhere'. And when he is explaining his nobility in refusing the superior welfare wench to his wife he deflates himself by calling the loved one 'a mixture of everything you see in the advertisements'. Finally, his wife (Doreen Hepburn), who had had a rough time being puzzled but affectionate to her gaudy husband and shocked by her immoral mother, sent the dandy away on the grounds that it was too much to be asked to understand him. I cannot say that I understood her motives, but had no doubts that in due course it would be a lesson to the fellow.

The Randy Dandy proved nothing about class or shipyards or dull wives or the advantages of speaking out of turn, but it made a good short story and its people had life in them.

The Hasty Heart by John Patrick (September 17) also had an outspoken, stubborn, non-conforming hero. But Sergeant Lachlan McLachlan (Charles Houston) was given little character apart from sinful pride, stoicism, and a suspicion of offered friendship. The plot arranged for soldiers with a variety

of accents and a beautiful nurse to know that he was soon to die while he stayed ignorant of the fact and normally tiresome. His rejection of them on learning his fate and subsequent reform ought to have wrung tears from a stone. This stone stayed dry-eyed. Plays in its view should not be clanking tear-mangles. Nor do I find that the imminence of death makes prehistoric bagpipe and kilt jokes any funnier. Given the machinery, the nurse and her patients were as likable as possible.

Armies and the rejection of the usual amenities and conventions of society turned up again in *Traitor in a Steel Helmet* by Charles Wood (September 18). We are on an exercise in a tank and gunnery area in Wales. The young driver (Brian Bedford) is simple and kindly; his Sergeant (Frank Windsor) has bad memories of poverty and failure which make him irritable. An accident lands them in the company of Sailor (Patrick McAlinney), an escaper from civilization who has chosen to cultivate his garden in an explosive area. He grows his own lettuce, believes he is making some new life begin, and has bad things on his mind. In the view of the driver he 'just doesn't like people. 'E can't stand being fell in'. This offends the sergeant who feels that 'We've got to live as a mob'. In due course the stranger gets himself futilely killed. There was nothing wholly silly in the dialogue though it could have been edited

with profit, but the movement of the production was painfully slow. Too many silences or re-statements of established arguments make the impatient viewer expect help to arrive—when it mustn't.

A Song of Sixpence (September 22) simply had too little plot or point for the time it took, though the camera work was pretty and there were various ingenious sound devices and side jokes which almost disguised its lack of body.

FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Camera's Defence

EGERTON KENT's idea of employing the life of Goya in his play *The Second of May* (Home, September 18) to explore the nature of an artist's responsibility towards the society in which he lives, was a good one. In these necessarily less tolerant times the seeming alacrity with which Goya turned from his 'Caprices' of the court of Maria Louis to the portraits of Spain's conquerors is hard to defend. Mr. Kent sought a defence for the artist's catholic interest in his subjects in the view that Goya was the dispassionate observer, the first I-am-a-Camera man. Only at the last, by way of a dénouement, did he suggest that in the artist's portrayal of 'The Second of May', when the citizens rose up against Murat's cavalry who suppressed them with terrible ferocity, the painting was inspired by the association he had enjoyed with the Duchess of Alba. This association is worth a good tragi-comedy on its own and Mr. Kent ingeniously contrived a play in which, at the trial for his alleged sympathies with the French, Goya thinks back in flashbacks, first to the occasion of the Second of May and second from thence to the days of his love affair with the Duchess.

While this method made brave use of radio's capacity to defy time and place, it taxed the listener to some extent, and though the Duchess's liberal instincts were stressed it seemed to me that Mr. Kent made too large a claim for them when he attributed to them a moral directive leading Goya to the painting of the Second of May picture. It might have been better, instead of attempting a portrait of Goya's complex life as a whole, to concentrate on the theme that the artist was devoted entirely a-politically and a-morally to the capturing of reality as he saw it. To suggest, as Mr. Kent did, that Goya became a committed artist out of a grateful memory for his lover was somehow to reduce his scale and that of the Duchess of Alba, too. Mr. Kent in any case seemed more at ease with the court life prior to the Second of May and the thought struck me that he had enough material here for two plays rather than one and that he could have better in-



James Ellis as Dandy Jordan in *The Randy Dandy*



Traitor in a Steel Helmet, with Frank Windsor (left) as Sergeant Pike, Patrick McAlinney (behind) as Sailor, and Brian Bedford as Trooper Jupp



Scene from *A Song of Sixpence*, with William Russell as Alberto Monzelli, Balbina (centre) as Clarissa, and Isa Miranda as her mother, Signora Alessandra



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dolged his theme of the artist and his public responsibility in a play which was not confused by the very delightful scenes involving the Duchess's various intrigues.

Nevertheless I wish to hail Mr. Kent's intelligent use of a historical figure to debate issues which still affect us. Val Gielgud produced the work with his usual practised skill and made more of them than a less experienced hand might have done. It was all the same hard to remember at times exactly where one was, and the fact that the body of the play was taking place while Goya mused in a court trying him for associating with the enemy was often difficult to remember.

Henry de Montherlant's play *Queen in Death* (Third, September 22) was written for the Comédie Française during the German Occupation, which is a fact which might be divined from interior evidence by any student of the French theatre. The players are given to gnomic utterances and the kind of image making which is often near a cliché of the Comédie's style. The plot involves a fictitious Portuguese court. The heir to the throne contrives a marriage to a certain Ines de Castro (Jill Bennett) and the subsequent scenes involve the struggle of will and conscience of King Ferrante (Stephen Murray) to decide whether he should kill the lady. He is worked upon by his Machiavellian Prime Minister (Edgar Wreford) but refuses to order her death. It is only when she announces that she is pregnant that he changes his mind. Knowing that his assassins have killed her, he collapses and dies and the play ends with the entry of the dead body of the woman who is now Queen only in death.

This last scene has poignancy and displays the triumph of the good, but the road to it is paved with the kind of dialogue that the French theatre could dispense with. Ines says that the day she met the Prince was like the day she was born. At another moment her heart opens like a peacock's tail. At another she and Ferrante take time off to observe the stars, and Ferrante declaims 'All those worlds that haven't had redemption'—an utterance which is at variance with his supposedly Renaissance mind and which is in any case an irrelevancy. It is the kind of remark which one suddenly stumbles over in an Anouilh play and de Montherlant has shown elsewhere that he is a good deal better than Anouilh.

Simon Raven's *A Present from Venice* (Home, September 19), produced by Nesta Pain, was an odd little morality about innocent holiday-makers getting themselves involved in a dope ring. The villains plant heroin in the holiday-makers' luggage, but a nark betrays the gang and the heroin is discovered. It might have been written by H.M. Customs P.R.O.s and it didn't convey the Italian scene as prettily and as feelingly as Harry Moore's *A Trip to Italy* (Home, September 20) which was about a middle-aged English woman of Italian descent who visits the country for the first time with her teenage niece. The niece survives the onslaught of Italian Man but the aunt doesn't. Mr. Moore has a very good ear for dialogue and a fair ration of wit. Keri Lewis, who produced the play, had better Italian sounds than Miss Pain.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Philosophical Argument



THE ART of dialectic argument, usually confined to academic circles, was very cleverly transferred to sound radio on September 16 (Third Programme), when Mr. T. S. Gregory, a Roman Catholic writer, gave

us his disquisition 'The Case of Satan versus Job'. In a brilliant 'tennis match' between God and Satan, the plight of the common man (or, as Satan cunningly expressed it, 'the perfect gentleman') was investigated with acute insight by both parties. Various philosophers were mentioned—from Kant to Professor Ayer—yet it was Wittgenstein, the most mysterious of them all, who caught the ear and held the attention. 'The language game' was often mentioned—his involvement with the use and abuse of language in relation to argument, was not only stimulating but amusing. After hearing Wittgenstein's theory, one really had to ask 'What is the point?' Empirical Logic has always been a source of dissent, but never more so than here.

When we go to the roots of the word 'philosophy', our return to the Greek civilization is inevitable. When John Burnet was Professor of Greek at St. Andrews he was convinced, he said (in the essay on philosophy he contributed to *The Legacy of Greece*), that philosophy, as such, began with the Greeks. Was it until then extinct in man's mind? Or was the faculty of lucid argument dormant? Philosophy represents our struggle to know truth, or at least to find a basis for our existence. We cannot be content in ignorance. The search may lead us to evil and the suppression of evil, as in the Book of Job, on which Mr. Gregory's disquisition was based. The arguments as to why man should want to conquer his baseness has been the theme of many works of art, but none quite so simply yet penetratingly worked out as in this dialogue. It is certainly very near Plato's *Gorgias*—it has the same deftness, lucidity, and vision.

Love of wisdom erects no barriers—except that of the degree of intelligence involved. Dr. A. L. Rowse, the historian, is a perfect example of what a man can achieve despite background. In 'Time at Trenarren' (Home Service, September 17) Dr. Rowse talked with the poet Charles Causley of his upbringing in a working-class home in Cornwall, with uneducated parents, but much affection and an intense interest in history. Once again we were told of the loneliness of the intellectual life—it is either solitude with occasional friendships during leisure, or becoming a member of the masses. The choice seems predetermined.

It seems that those who can escape the working-class environment do so very quickly, but Miss Joan Littlewood has deliberately sought that very environment. On September 22 (Home Service) we heard members of the Theatre Workshop talk about their acting and their life with Miss Littlewood. 'Working at the Workshop' was intended to give an intimate glimpse of an experimental theatre that has proved a controversial topic of conversation for a very long time. Unfortunately we were not given the names of the speakers—one merely guessed at the name behind the voice. Many tributes were paid to Miss Littlewood by her actors, producers, and playwrights. One of them, whom I am certain was Meier Tzelniker, described her as an intellectual. Wolf Mankowitz angrily and rightly criticized her methods of dealing with the authors' scripts and the liberties she takes in altering them. Adulation and criticism were equally balanced in this very sketchy programme, and only Mr. Mankowitz contributed anything significant. He was in violent disagreement with Miss Littlewood's policy that the theatre is made for the actor and only the actor. It was refreshing to hear him insist that the writer comes first, and that the actor is but a mouthpiece.

Theatre Workshop is experimental—the actors ad-lib, there is a great deal of improvisation—totally opposed to the method of the past-master of the craft of acting, Mr. Noël Coward. Ad-libbing would horrify him—indeed, he insists

that it is the duty of all actors, including himself, to be nearly word-perfect at the first rehearsal! 'Talking of Theatre', Network Three monthly magazine, on September 19, consisted of an interview with Mr. Coward, charming and urbane as ever. Full of advice to the young actor, and eloquent about his life in the theatre, one could listen to him at ease—there was no fear of him discussing plays with a 'message' or 'kitchen-sink' drama. Cider perhaps for the Theatre Workshop, but definitely Courvoisier for Mr. Coward.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



A Fascinating Talk

IT WOULD BE reasonable to expect that radio, over the years, might have engendered a form of music peculiar to itself as, in earlier times, other social institutions were associated with opera or the symphony. Radio has not quite done this, but it has, on another level, created a genre of its own, the illustrated musical talk. The remarkable discussion by Charles Mackerras, 'Style in Orchestration' (Third, September 19), brought home the fact that, without the resources of broadcasting, this highly interesting subject would fail to come alive. An article cannot adequately convey the meaning of style in orchestration, nor a book, no matter how profusely illustrated with musical examples. These, despite the most perspicacious comments, remain mere symbols on the printed page. Over the air these same illustrations are the music itself, the subtleties of which, in a textbook, can only be catalogued. If radio were not laid on as a public service we should have had to invent it solely for this purpose.

Mr. Mackerras began by letting us hear some simple examples—different sound-textures of the chord of C major in typical works of Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, and Berlioz. At once, from these rudimentary illustrations, the character of each composer emerged. What was it that made the C major chord, scored for full orchestra, sound imperious in Beethoven, whereas the same chord in the Schubert example sounded mellow, in Berlioz bright and brazen, and so on? Beethoven, we were told, invariably wrote for the brass in thirds in such cases; he never gave them the fifth. Here we come upon a well-known difficulty. Since such a talk, on a subject of higher musical education, is addressed not to students of music or composers, but to the general musical public, it is likely that such terms may not be readily apprehended. Many musical people may not be quite sure what thirds are, nor why Beethoven preferred them. I do not really know how this problem can be overcome. Mr. Mackerras certainly took us gently by the hand, making every point most clearly in numerous, fascinating examples; and when it came to his concert the following night (Third, September 20), illustrating his thesis with entire works, the most knowledgeable musicians among us had been greatly enlightened. It would be a pity if such a programme scheme, so illuminating and so unique to radio, were not to be relished by the widest possible public.

The Thursday Invitation Concerts are with us again, tunnelling in many different directions beneath 'the repertory'. I think it was Constant Lambert who first poked fun at the notion that music consists of 'the repertory', evoking a vision of this sacred body of works ceremoniously entrusted by Hans von Bülow to an eager disciple on one of the more grisly heights of the Swiss Alps. The B.B.C. has certainly learnt Lambert's lesson, erring sometimes rather over-long in pleasant lanes and by-paths, and also in some blind alleys. However, this has all been to

the good. It is whispered that the latest discovery in the wide panorama of our twentieth century is to be Scriabin whose seventh Piano Sonata, played by Moura Lympny, opened the new series (Third, September 21). Unfortunately this is not among Scriabin's most characteristic works, and in any case Miss Lympny's performance hardly took us very far into this composer's lush and sensitive world. But I think we

should all be agreed that a Scriabin revival would be a heartening prospect. Not so long ago Scriabin was the subject of adulation on the part of enlightened critics, more extravagant even than that which shines upon certain of Scriabin's contemporaries at this moment. Then he was pushed aside. He was decadent, cloying, and, with his lurid harmonies, half rotten. Now we may see him differently again. From one

viewpoint a revival of certain works of this forgotten composer, who, well into the twentieth century, clung to values in music of sensibility, should help to redress the balance away from all values of sensibility. This, of course, raises a subject far too big to be gone into now, and which leads to one of the root crises in the state of our musical affairs. Another time, perhaps.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Alan Rawsthorne and the Orchestra

By SCOTT GODDARD

Rawsthorne's Second Symphony will be broadcast at 9.5 p.m. on Saturday, September 30 (Third)



THE ORCHESTRAL writings of Alan Rawsthorne, now in his mid-fifties, make an impressive showing, a substantial sum, not yet a total, of solid worth. Solid is not a term one used of Rawsthorne's music at first, when it seemed rarefied and tenuous; but it gradually and fairly soon became applicable. Now, as we look at the list of his orchestral works, it is manifestly the right term; that list which includes two symphonies, two piano concertos, two violin concertos, the *Symphonic Studies*, three overtures, the recent *Concerto for Ten Instruments*. There is indeed more. But these titles suffice to show the extent of Rawsthorne's activity from 1939 when the earliest appeared (the *Symphonic Studies*) up to this year which saw the ten-instrument Concerto at the Cheltenham Festival. Compared with the output of certain other contemporaries Rawsthorne's is not excessive, not noticeably large, in fact. Yet even in these days of swift creation and immediate performance (when a reputation fostered by what seems incredible precocity is suddenly made and thereupon bolstered up by a rapid accumulation of works, a few of them worthy of intelligent notice), mere number is no guide.

Rawsthorne first came to the notice of a numerous public as a writer of chamber music. For me the first work to make a memorable impact was the 1937 *Theme and Variations* for two violins, fifteen minutes of concentrated attention. It was indeed a work which once embarked upon could not be left until the voyage of discovery was over. It looked a lean and hungry score and instantly the eye threatened to deceive the ear. Once print was turned back into sound one discovered it was rich and varied, rich in overtones of emotion, varied in treatment. Above all it was stylish, strikingly so; that is to say not modish but the contrary, the expression of individual thinking in a style that was primarily personal. 'A new voice', one murmured. What precisely were the emotions released there? Powerful ones they seemed, and they called forth feelings of a similar force. They were, of course, the reflection of something, some set of circumstances; that reflection was now controlled until it became susceptible to reason; otherwise it might well have resulted in romantic fervour, a way of unburdening the soul in public that presumably would make Rawsthorne grin before turning away. One began to sense a peculiarly watchful mind at work, to feel reservations being made, turnings not taken, fashions ignored. This was reading a great deal into a single, slender work. It was a just assessment nevertheless, as the future has shown.

If this solitary listener found the two-violin work bleak, for a start, the initial encounter

with Rawsthorne's orchestral writing was a complete reversal of that impression. For this happened to be the overture called *Street Corner* (1944) and there, instantly and compellingly, was vivacity so strong it could not be questioned, an impulse to live gaily that could not be withstood. One was carried away by this pertinent, impertinent music. With that a new aspect of Rawsthorne's art became apparent, his idiomatic manipulation of an orchestra. More up to date than *Portsmouth Point* or *Scapino*, equally forcible in the observation of a scene, equally bright in manner, of an equally high voltage of comment, *Street Corner* had it over its brilliant companion pieces in that it delineated activities of a contemporary, what seemed to be a North Country (one said that because of what one had been told of Rawsthorne's upbringing) type. I once had thought of this as the smiler with the knife; but that was a false analogy. It is not murder, rather blackmail or some such indecency that is at work, and this creature is a watcher of other people's doings with intent to get something for himself, I now think; a street-corner loafer of cute resource, waiting his chance, never serious about anything much, always humorous and sometimes witty.

All this is expressed in pert outlines and with an elegant, polished handling of the orchestra, as prickly as a thistle, as pointed as a rapier; the idiom of this particular musician who looks on while the loafer on the street corner waits his opportunity, the onlooker meanwhile noting it all down in readiness for its eventual transference to the score as we now know it, in terms of spare, lucid orchestration.

The earlier *Symphonic Studies* (1939) were less immediate in impact. This more complex and recondite music took longer to understand. It was not until the overture, which was a comparatively simple matter, had jolted one's mind into awareness of Rawsthorne's individuality as thinker and craftsman, that the larger work began to grow on one, probably at the time when the gramophone record appeared and study could become intensive. It was Rawsthorne's first large work and it showed that whatever trends and influences might once have exercised his attention and moulded his style of utterance, they had been absorbed to such an extent as now to be practically imperceptible. Here he was himself alone, able to envisage a complicated scheme of three linked movements, the first further divided into five closely related sections. It became what it set out to be, a study in symphonic procedure, a symphony in all but name (though in the light of Sibelius's Fifth and Seventh it might as well have borne that title) and undoubtedly symphonic in method, a sequence of ideas propounded, developed and

brought to a reasonable conclusion. In heedless hands the form could have disintegrated. By sufficiently frequent cross-reference, using one theme in particular as a point of return, the composer held it firm. What may have seemed a hazardous experiment ended by producing a completely effective work of art. Rawsthorne's study of symphonic method (was it perhaps the spirit of inquiry that gave the work its specific title?) put him in possession of the deepest, most spacious stratagems. Intricacies of formal construction were now no more than chess-players' problems. The science there was changed into art by the amused interest of the musician watching the loafer at the street corner. He knew also every move he needed for that other game, half science, half art, the manipulation of instrumental tone-qualities, the subtle art of orchestration. So the ground was prepared for the concertos and the symphonies.

The Second Symphony is the latest example of Rawsthorne's research into classical tradition, romantic fervour, and contemporary unrest. It glances at these, combines them in cool construction, warm sonority, effervescent rhythm. These have a recognizable quality; they are present in Rawsthorne's work from the earliest years of his maturity. The Second Symphony differs from the First in that the last movement brings in Beethoven's, Mahler's, and Vaughan Williams's enlargement of Haydn's scheme: the human voice. The composer's description here is better than any other. 'It is a setting, for soprano, of the poem by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, which he calls *Description of Spring wherein each thing renews save only the lover*. However, it was not this melancholy state of affairs which caused me to think that this poem would make a suitable conclusion to my symphony. It was the beautiful alliterative verse, the close observation, and the general expression of the pleasure of life in the country'. The close observation of the street corner has been transmuted into country matters.

The Opera Directory edited by Anne Ross (John Calder, £4 4s. 0d.) will be welcomed by all those interested in opera, since in it can be found facts not previously available in one volume about singers, conductors, composers, and also about the theatres, festivals and colleges connected with opera. It is unfortunate that in only a very few cases is the date of birth of a singer given, for unless one knows his approximate age it is impossible to judge a singer's potentiality. For instance, there is a valuable section giving a list of operatic roles and their interpreters, from which one learns that at present there are twelve tenors who sing the role of Siegfried. It is, however, only when one realizes that most of these singers are over the age of forty-five (a fact that one could not discover from this book) that the scarcity of tenors capable of singing the heavy Wagner roles becomes apparent.

JOAN TAYLOR

Bridge Forum

Hands from the European Championships—XII

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



BRITAIN'S LAST VICTORY in the European Championship, and perhaps her most brilliant, was at Montreux in 1954. That year we scored 26 points out of a possible 28, winning 12 matches and drawing two.

We beat the Italians comfortably on this occasion, building up a first-half lead of 27. During this half Reese and Mr. Schapiro played a level session against the redoubtable Chiaradia and Forquet, while in the open room Mr. Meredith and Mr. Konstam made rings round a pair playing the complicated Marmik system. This is the sort of thing that was happening: East dealer; North-South vulnerable:

NORTH
 ♠ J 8 4
 ♥ 10 8 5 4
 ♦ Q 10 7 5
 ♣ J 3

WEST
 ♠ 10 9 6 5
 ♥ K 9 6 2
 ♦ 2
 ♣ A 8 7 2

EAST
 ♠ 7 3 2
 ♥ J 7
 ♦ J 9 8 6
 ♣ K 10 9 4

SOUTH
 ♠ A K Q
 ♥ A Q 3
 ♦ A K 4 3
 ♣ Q 6 5

The European Championship is now in progress at Torquay. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese conclude in this issue their review of famous hands from previous encounters.

In the closed room the British North-South pair had no difficulty in reaching and making game in No Trumps. After a spade lead the diamonds proved disappointing, but ace followed by queen of hearts established three tricks in that suit.

At the other table the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Franco	Meredith	Giovine	Konstam
—	—	—	No
1D	1S	No	1NT
Dble	No	2D	No
No	No		

South's One Diamond was artificial, and like all users of artificial systems the Marmik players can be put off their stride by opposition calling. The British pair exploited this brilliantly.

Britain's run of successes in the first half was interrupted by one tragi-comical incident: South dealer; love all:

NORTH
 ♠ 10 6
 ♥ K 9 6 5 4
 ♦ Q 5
 ♣ 10 9 7 4

WEST
 ♠ J 3
 ♥ J 8 2
 ♦ K J 8 6 4
 ♣ A J 3

EAST
 ♠ 9 7
 ♥ Q 10 7
 ♦ 7 3 2
 ♣ Q 8 6 5 2

SOUTH
 ♠ A K Q 8 5 4 2
 ♥ A 3
 ♦ A 10 9
 ♣ K

Reese and Mr. Schapiro did not venture beyond Four Spades on the North-South cards. At the other table the contract was Six Spades and Mr. Meredith, West, made the calamitous lead of the spade jack, allowing declarer to establish the hearts and return to the spade 10. And it wasn't West's lead!

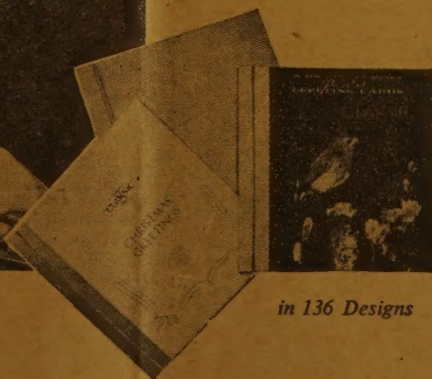
Using their artificial methods, South had opened One Diamond and North had responded One Spade, showing half an honour-trick. During the subsequent bidding Meredith forgot this and led out of turn. The Italian declarer naturally accepted the wrong lead, as he was entitled to do by law; without this lead he would have had no legitimate play for the contract.

Your individual greetings



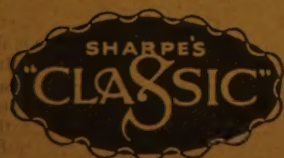
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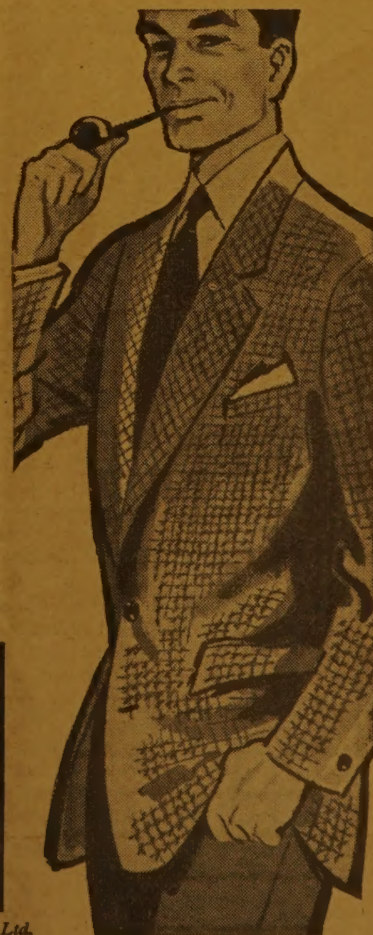
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IN THE KITCHEN



Fish with Cheese Stuffing

A CHEESE SAUCE or cheese stuffing goes well with most fish, particularly with haddock and cod. Here is a way of baking small haddock fillets: first, sprinkle them with lemon juice and dust with flour. Then make a stuffing of grated cheddar cheese—say 4 oz.—then 2 oz. of fresh breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and chopped parsley, all bound with an egg. Spread the stuffing on the fillet, roll it up and tie it. Melt a little butter in a baking dish and put in the haddock curls, as they are called; then bake them in a moderate oven for about twenty-five minutes and serve with a cheese sauce.

JUNE JAY

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

How to Use Quinces

When planning to make autumn preserves do not forget how delicious quinces can be. They should be picked as late as possible in October, or even in November if there is no frost. They will keep well if stored for a month or two in a cool, frost-proof place, but they need to be kept on their own because of their powerful smell, which will affect anything it comes in contact with, including apples and pears.

Quinces are too hard to be eaten raw; they have to be cooked in some way. In a pie they go excellently with apples or pears, apples particularly, and long after the season for using fresh quinces is over I suggest putting a couple of tablespoons of quince jam or jelly into an apple pie; it makes all the difference to the flavour. For a snack or for a picnic, cream cheese on a biscuit or some brown bread spread with a thin coat of quince jelly is delicious.

A point in favour of making quince jelly, apart from its crystal-clear mahogany colour, is that, with such a strong-flavoured fruit, the pulp left over after the juice has been strained off to make the jelly can be used to make a rather stiff jam or cheese. Quince jam for tea or in an open tart makes a change from the sweeter jams, and the very stiff form, called quince cheese, is good eaten with cold meat—mutton, for choice. A little quince jam or cheese in a stew will make it much more tasty. Quince also combines well with other fruits, such as cranberries, apples, or even vegetable marrow, and any one of these combinations can be used for jam making. Quinces can be bottled too, but they are better done in syrup.

BARBARA BREW

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

GEOFFREY DRAYTON (page 453): editor of *The Petroleum Times*; author of the novels *Christopher* and *Zohara*

JAMES STERN (page 461): author of *The Man Who Was Loved*, etc., translator of Leo Lania's novel *The Foreign Minister*, and, with Tania Stern, Sigmund Freud's *Letters 1873-1939*, etc.

GRAEME SHANKLAND (page 463): Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects; architect and planner in the architects' department, London County Council

LEWIS MUMFORD (page 463): American writer; Professor of City Planning, Pennsylvania University, 1951-56; author of *The Culture of Cities*, *City Development*, *From the Ground Up*, *The City and Its History*, etc.

OLIVER WARNER (page 472): Deputy Director of Publications, British Council; author of *Captains and Kings*, *An Introduction to British Marine Painting*, *Trafalgar*, *The Battle of the Nile*, *Great Seamen*, etc.

PATRICK MOORE (page 474): Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, author of *The Planet Venus*, *Astronautics*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,635.

Even More Elementary.

By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The lights consist of sequences of symbols for the elements, one symbol appearing in each square.

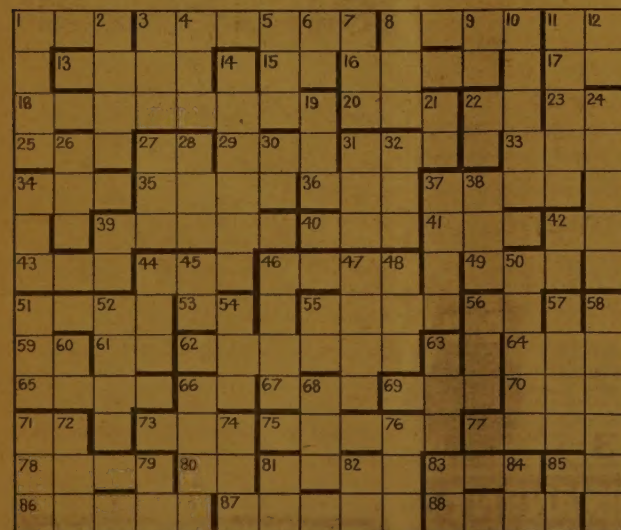
Cross-linking is as follows:

The symbol of each element from At. Nos. 1 to 92 occurs at least once.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. In Scotland, a little farther on and all the way besides (4). 3. Shaggy coats need short yarns (9). 8. Poles abound here with one short one at the very last for little Anne (6). 11. Worthless wreck of a car (4). 13. Many Scots ovens never have the same shape two nights running (5). 15. One ought to get some knots out of him in a row (4). 16. A Bing boy! (6). 17. Wordsworth's well-meaning prayer (4). 18. It's rough for Mac when a warship shoots high

in German territory (11). 20. Related under Salic law—to a nobleman? No Monsieur! (6). 22. Monkey with an appendage coloured red-yellow (4). 23. She died in a poem (4). 25. Bridge player or one of his opponents showing signs of worry (4). 27. Husky fibre of the first person in the baths (4). 29. A ball I fashioned like part of the face (6). 31. Steersmen steer in the antithesis of dry surroundings (5). 33. French kings have no love for this old Portuguese king (4). 34. Crystal-gaze when the weather's about right (4). 35. The end of Reynard in France? (6). 36. Laurel-wreathed charm for a novice in the walk (6). 37. This form is taken from the old library bay (5). 39. Rift can become so infuriating (7). 40. Colours mixed with oil for millions (5). 41. 'Meet we no angels, Pansie' (—) (4). 42. Lace no longer in fashion provides a familiar start for Garter wearers (4). 43. Did he win the Derby on a round course? (4). 44. The bits left when the slicer has gone wrong (6). 46. Tree larva or bark-worm for anglers (7). 49. Hop out of the carriage at Scotsman's rock (5). 51. Famous trophy awarded to male companion (6). 53. It's quite an achievement out East to get oil (4). 55. A cobbler in Shakespeare's day was so much more comfortable (6). 56. Island for grain by the sound of it (4). 59. Persian mystic is a little too much for this youngster (4). 61. Instruction to read on further or go to pot (3). 62. Broken-winded horse painter (8). 64. Common name for a forger (5). 65. Information on crazy Shakespearean king is vague (7). 66. Wild oats in New Mexico (4). 67. Deliver, in pennies for choice (5). 69. Show, a wartime hit many will recall here (4). 70. Lots of 3A in 58D. (3). 71. Pledge to silence Sassenachs (4). 73. You should back 'Skittles'—it's a good thing! (4). 75. The parson is perturbed about love in this temple vestibule (7). 77. A sweet sop—you'll soon get one (5). 78. A number of people on the sea surface have a relapse (7). 80. They are bleats, sir (4). 81. The sun god, by a ring, causes a blackening of the spectrum (8). 83. A French swell will certainly let the cat out! (5). 85. 55A starts so in Italy (4). 86. First half of the full moon period went quickly here in Central Russia (6). 87. Irregular power in yachts all at sea (7). 88. Gad about in Scottish waterway when you can buy a flag (6).



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DOWN

1. Wind up and head off an F.A. event (6). 2. Our set in a backward state is certainly not hisn (5). 3. She appears in a beret for a knight (3). 4. Loch in

Inverness-shire (4). 5. Aural message is 'Return quickly' (4). 6. The tree has turned to spread (4). 7. A stump, to wit a jagged projection (5). 8. Here in India you only require a cent for coconut oil cake (5). 9. Indeed a trial after 38D (2). 10. Found in Southern seas, it covered 55,000 miles in two years (8). 11. He might get a smile from you if it's at all raisable (8). 12. In the schoolmaster's hand perhaps, there's a yen for something to make things hot (4). 14. Philosophers make stoics clash vehemently (11). 19. Slaughter that is adult in a guild headquarters (5). 21. 78 is familiarly yours across the Channel (3). 22. After getting a century in the match, here comes a yorker (4). 24. Somewhat dyspeptic, the general in charge is unlikely to improve the race (8). 26. Love, send the vessel back—it's for making soup (4). 27. Horse god with a deadly bite (5). 28. Stern Ferdinand's attendant lost his head (4). 30. Cold wind, almost enough to cut you in two (4). 31. Look closely round the chimney—it's long and round (6). 32. 'Old — we'll drink, Manzanilla, Montero' (The Gondoliers) (5). 34. Unruly boys in Scots vegetable garden (4). 37. A conclave rarely registers such idle talk (6). 38. Dunce is certainly not at the head of 37A (3). 39. Fish to cook in oil (3). 42. Sharpen horrific unit (4). 44. The expert's returned—for a quick divorce? (4). 45. Insured person is still in the game despite a slip (4). 46. A sheriff enraged and smouldering still (7). 47. Cattle thief making no sound above a whisper (7). 48. A wooden carriage that is found in our railway system (4). 50. The charm of water-plantain in the outskirts of Todmorden (8). 51. The apprentice takes a long time finding the solid content of a body (6). 52. It's more fitting a new driver should be without wings (7). 54. Mountainous peninsula, one of a famous trio (5). 55. Island lettuce (3). 56. It's not unexpected to see Arabs wandering about here (5). 57. Take four quarts, love—here's the lolly! (5). 58. Auntie has a breakdown and painless end (10). 60. The inverted point of a mountain peak (3). 63. Turn to maps to find this island (6). 66. There's a Japanese fish bar in this small New Mexican town (6). 68. Thrust so that half the foil is through (4). 71. How a boaster talks gives one the vapours (5). 72. To manage or 74 (3, 2). 74. Permission to go through the narrow defile (4). 76. 'Elpful little saint! (4). 79. Serve a double (2). 81. Prince hunted one genus of frogs (4). 82. The Lord High Everything Else's final snort of disgust (3). 83. American lizard—seek it out Arizona way (3). 84. Mennon leaves Clytemnestra's husband to see the governor (3). 85. Retiring prairie howler with a broken toe (3).

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1	6	0	7	5	2	2
1	1	4	2	4	3	7
3	4	7	0	8	3	7
6	2	3	7	8	4	2
6	6	5	8	4	6	5
8	0	7	8	2	1	7
9	1	2	3	1	5	7
2	9	3	9	0	0	5
5	7	6	6	2	3	9

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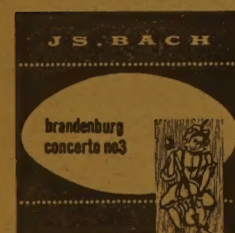
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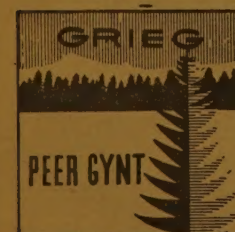
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